The Relief Society Magazine

NO. 9 LESSONS FOR DECEMBER SEPTEMBER, 1941

THE COVER

"Evening on the Jordan"...

T. J. Howells, M. D.

WINDING its uncertain course through the Salt Lake Valley from a fresh water lake to a salt sea is the Jordan River. As early as August, 1847, pioneers, at a meeting on the Temple Block, named this river the "Western Jordan" to distinguish it from its prototype, the Jordan in Palestine.

In early days, it served as a boundary separating the fertile lands to the east from the waste lands below it. Today stretches of this historic river are beautiful, and in the not far-distant future its banks will be parked and a neglected river will come into its own.

It is autumn, and our picture, "Evening on the Jordan," shows the effects of a sinking sun, and lights already appear in friendly windows. A beautiful moon is rising above the high Wasatch Mountains, which are already decorated with their first snow. The harvest moon is reflected as a mirror by the still water of the river. Inquisitive geese crowd the foreground and linger as if enchanted by the scene. This rare combination of mountain, moon, and river makes the cover, "Evening on the Jordan," a pleasing picture.

In our great intermountain region the autumn countryside, mountains, and canyons are beautiful beyond description. Fall is the twilight of the year—the harvest over and the first pause for rest. In our land at present it is a season of peace and repose, and for the Latter-day Saints it is a time to pause and recount, with grateful hearts, God's many blessings.

Editor's Note: "Evening on the Jordan," the photograph used as a cover picture for this issue of the **Magazine,** is by T. J. Howells, M. D. In this picture, Doctor Howells has captured the placid, serene mood of an autumn evening. It is a beautiful composition. Bordering on the silhouette, it still carries a great deal of interesting and artistic detail.

The art work on the cover is by Evan Jensen.

Index to Advertisers

urial Clothes . . Inside Back Cover

isher Baking Company . . . . . Outside Back Cover

arkin Mortuaries . Outside Back Cover

D. S. Business College . Fly-leaf

lormon Handicraft Gift Shop . . . . . Inside Back Cover

tarion . . . . . Fly-leaf

"L. D. S. Training Pays!"

Yes!

America is a land of opportunity . . . but only for those who do something about it!

Thorough business training will help you to succeed—and this is the **right** school for that training.

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

(Just mail us a card for information)

HEAR

with the Otarion

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL THERAPY

HEARING AID

are you

HARD OF HEARING?

Before buying a Hearing Aid send for the interesting story of **Otarion** or come in for a

FREE DEMONSTRATION

Otarion

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL THERAPY

DONALD G. LYMAN

511 McIntyre Bldg.
Salt Lake City, Utah
Dial 5-4036

Learn NOW how you, too, can have Better Hearing

☐ You may send me the free, interesting illustrated story of Otarion.

☐ You may call at my home on _____

_____ at _____
DATE TIME

☐ I will visit your office on _____

_____ at _____
DATE TIME

Name: _____

Address: _____

Town: _____ State: _____

The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 28 SEPTEMBER, 1941 No.

Contents

Special Features

The Cover—"Evening on the Jordan"—T. J. Howells, M. D. ..... Inside Front Cov
Back of Frontispiece—Transition ..... Vesta P. Crawford 5
Frontispiece—Autumn Scene (Photograph by George Morgan) 5
Preserve, Protect and Defend ..... Elder Levi Edgar Young 5
Why the Sabbath? ..... Elder George Q. Morris 5
Florence Jepperson Madsen ..... Orea B. Tanner 5
Upon Sacred Ground ..... Dr. H. Wayne Driggs 5

Fiction

Pink Lemonade for the Boys ..... Olive W. Burt 6
A Garden Masquerade ..... Vaunee T. Larson 6
The Merry-Go-Round—Chapter Six ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 6

General Features

Home Accident Prevention 5
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 6
Editorial:
Writers' Round-up 6
Tabernacle Choir Tour 6
Notes to the Field:
Binder for *Relief Society Magazine* 6
Relief Society Annual Stake Conferences 6
Relief Society General Conference 6
Relief Society Pin 6
No Social Science Lesson for December 6
Some Literary Friends—No. X (Biographies) ..... Florence Ivins Hyde 6
Notes from the Field ..... Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer 6

Lessons

Theology and Testimony—Articles of Faith, by James E. Talmage, Chapter 3 6
Visiting Teacher—Fast Day Observance as an Expression of Faith 6
Work-and-Business—Comparison of Fibers Used in Materials 6
Literature—Mediums and Types of Humor 6
Mission—"The Spirit of God Like a Fire" 6

Poetry

Transition—Vesta P. Crawford ..... Back of Frontispie
Be Still ..... Olive C. Wehr 6
So Mark the Years ..... Celia A. Van Cott 6
A Little Boy I Know ..... Sarah Willes Adamson 6
Mood ..... Beatrice Knowlton Ekman 6

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, Phone 3-2741, Ex. 24
Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10
The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will
missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.
Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, und
the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for
section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany man
scripts for their return.

"TRANSITION"

Vesta P. Crawford

I

The sheaves from golden furrows now are gone,
And fields are wide for one to walk alone;
Yet long the mellowed warmth of summer stays,
And patterns of its gilded light and shade
Are lumined on the amber hill, arrayed
In splendor like a flame, and all the ways
Of autumn sear the heart; above my head
The homeward legions of the birds are spread.

To me the stubble and the fallen leaf
Are poignant with a lasting memory
And luted to the myriad sounds of grief
Once more the wind makes in the barren tree.
I yield unto an old resurgent mood;
My heart is breaking in this solitude.

II

The turning of the year will come tonight,
And sheath of blizzard winds will wrap the land
In silence and in web of drifted white.
I shall be forced again to understand
The motion of the earth upon its wheel;
I shall accept a quietness so deep
No breath of spring can melt; I shall feel
The arid dark of poplar boughs that sleep.

Some mark the seasons by the rain and snow,
The leafless bough and the furrows that lie
Reaped of their gold, the questing birds that go
In wedges and leave empty lanes of sky.
Yet I shall find an April that can bring
Returning radiance to the aisles of spring.

III

With measured tide the faithful seasons flow;
The clock of time runs neither fast nor slow;
For we who note the winter and the fall
Have lived the summer days and loved them all.
And thus, remembering, my thanks are given
To the God of years within his windowed heaven.

"And fields are wide for one to walk alo

And all the ways of autumn sear the he

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. 28 SEPTEMBER, 1941 No. 9

"Preserve, Protect, and Defend"

Elder Levi Edgar Young

of the First Council of the Seventy

SINCE the day that George Washington became the chief executive of our Government, every President of the United States has been required by the Constitution to take the following oath on the *Bible*:

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

To the American people, this inauguration is sacred, for in a very real sense, it is also their inaugural. They share as no other people in the headship of the State. American democracy has developed a peculiarly close bond between the people and the Presidency, and this means that every American citizen, every family to the youngest child, has a responsibility to "Preserve, Protect, and Defend" the most sacred civic and political document ever given to mankind.

The word "democracy" enters into the very life of the laws of our Nation, and is vested with sacred meaning. It has to do with the "individual." The theme of American democracy deals with individuals. It recognizes that all individuals have the right to develop their individualities. We have the duties, therefore, of self-discipline, which in a democracy means the deepest respect and reverence for other people and their rights. This principle of righteousness is possibly the hardest to live in man's present state of mind and spiritual make-up. Yet, it is the most important of all our ethical principles. It is the core of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the United States, and its seed lies in the Golden Rule. Every individual must have motives that fall within the spirit of high regard for one another. This means the acceptance of each other's good faith. We have to rid ourselves of those suspicions which in our hearts breed fear and hate, jealousy and envy. We must come to understand people, and to feel the glow of good will, and the power to think gratefully of our fresh opportunities to do better. It means to avoid the pitfalls of the many evils that beset society today. Faith in God is always expressed in right action. To live in and maintain our Democratic Government becomes a

religious duty of deepest significance.

I am writing this article within a few feet of Plymouth Rock, where one can sit quietly by the hour and think of one's country, our America. I recall the little party who sailed across the Atlantic some three hundred years ago in a little cockleshell boat, named the *Mayflower*. They left their homes, kindred, and country for the sake of finding homes in the New World where they could be free to worship God as they wished. They turned their backs on the Old World forever. From those days to the present, the Anglo-Saxons coming to these shores have kept in mind the purposes of their forebears. The principles of government which the Pilgrims and the Puritans brought, entered into the very fabric of our Government when it was organized. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were the expressions of human liberty which had been growing in the hearts of Englishmen from ancient times, and by the inspiration and help of God, this Republic of the United States was an event ordered of God for the bringing into being a nobler government than the world had ever known before. The treasures of the new continent were made to serve the cause of freedom beyond any dream that the founders ever had. This continent had been concealed until the right men, rightly trained, could build their homes in the wilderness and hold the ground for a purpose larger than they knew.

OUR Government was founded in religion, and though religion did not become a part of the political system of the Government, it was virtually incorporated into the lives and thoughts of the people. All the Christian sects of Europe found asylum in America before the Revolutionary War. We speak of America as a "Land of Liberty." But we must not forget that the *Bible* was the charter of liberties for our fathers. The Pilgrim fathers looked upon the *Bible* as the most precious piece of cargo on board the *Mayflower*. What a thrilling story this settlement of America was — the Pilgrims and Puritans in New England; Episcopalians in Virginia, Maryland, and New York; Quakers and Moravians and Lutherans and Mennonites in Pennsylvania; Roman Catholics under Lord Baltimore in Maryland; and Baptists in Rhode Island. Differing greatly in language and race, they were one in a common desire to establish on this continent a commonwealth in which every man had direct access to the *Bible*, to learn from it for himself the will of God. These forces of religious convictions are what brought about the first article in the Bill of Rights of the Constitution, and to this day, America has given its citizens the right to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.

On January 9 of this year, William H. Wills was inaugurated Governor of Vermont, and in his inaugural address he urged a spiritual reconstruction of the people as a prerequisite to the economic and moral salvation of the Nation.

"We have meetings and discussions on economic subjects," he said, "but the citizens of Vermont are not giving adequate attention to the spiritual needs of the individual

nd the State as a whole. We com-nent on the breakdown of morals, oth within the State and the Na-ion, but fail to recognize the fact hat it may be due, and in my opin-on is due in large measure, to the piritual indifference of our citizens.

"We comment frequently on the rosperity of a bygone age, but sel-om in our passing comments do ve connect the two thoughts that he people of yesterday were pious nd devout in the matter of their eligious beliefs and practices. We s individuals would do well within ur respective communities to join vith others in serious study, analysis nd action toward reviving interest nd stimulating activity in the realm f our spiritual needs. If America s to be saved, each individual must irst put his own house in order. The Ten Commandments cannot be im-roved upon, nor can the Sermon n the Mount be surpassed as a uide for ethical conduct."

What our country needs is a spir-tual awakening. It will not be the housands of rifles made, nor the ifty thousand planes that are being manufactured, but the knowledge hat God rules in the affairs of men f we will but let Him. We need more respect for the ancient truths, nd the lessons of history, and the vord of God. While we must keep our spirits in tune with the progress f the age, we must realize that in ll the past, prophets, sages, and eers have given us standards of haracter that made men indignant t corruption and fearfully angry ver injustice and wrong. Ages ago, he Greek, Epictitus, wrote: "You will confer the greatest benefit upon your city, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the souls of your fellow citizens." What we need more than anything else in order to "Preserve, Protect and Defend," is to return to the faith of our fathers, to the teachings of Holy Writ, and the impulse in all crises to turn to God in humility; a reconstruction of moral fiber and personal courage to a point that brings about a restoration of the principles of Christ to their place of first importance. All thinking Americans believe that the heart of religion must come back to the people and to the world, for in America the spirit of a free people is more firmly established and entrenched in consciousness than in any other country on the globe. While it is true that many influences are undermining our political and civic idealism, deep down in the American heart is the respect and the love for the constitutional background upon which our Government must function. We must watch our battlements, for there is a battle on, not so much with guns and planes as with the forces within which are trying to instill in the hearts of men a disregard for the established constitutional law of the land; to belittle justice and to defame the dispensers of law and order, and to lead the people to a complete abolition of constitutional restrictions.

There are many ideals that we Americans must keep ever in our minds and hearts. One is the teaching of William Penn, when he said:

"Governments like clocks go from the motion men give them; and as governments are made moved by men, so by them they are ruined, too. Wherefore, governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments. Let men be good and the government cannot be bad; if it be ill, they will cure it. But if

men be bad, let the government be ever so good, they will endeavor to warp and spoil it to their turn. That which makes a good constitution, must keep it, viz: men of wisdom and virtue, qualities that, because they descend not with worldly inheritances, must be propagated by a virtuous education of youth."

High in idealism, high in interpretation of what the law is in spirit, are the inscriptions given on the pediments in front of the Supreme Court Building at Washington, D. C. On the west pediment are the words: "EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW," and on the east pediment "JUSTICE THE GUARDIAN OF LIBERTY." "Justice," said Justinian, "is the firm and continuous desire to render to everyone that which is his due." Because this ideal is enshrined and a daily effort made to practice it, the whole Federal Government gains strength; and life and liberty for the individual are more secure.

THE American people will "Preserve, Protect, and Defend" the Constitution of the United States as they live for it. It is a patriotic duty which 140,000,000 people may undertake along with the President of the United States. The youth of the land must be touched with the higher issues of life, and they will be if we will bring them to the truth of Christ by a teaching of the reality and beauty of the Christian life. While the Gospel is a message of eternal and divine truth and goodness, it is also a message of beauty. Without beauty, truth and goodness lack the transfiguration which makes them truly attractive. We have all rejoiced that God has spoken in ancient times in ways so marvelous and beautiful. The prophecies of the Old Law and the parables of the New are clothed in a beauty unrivaled. The writers of old saw and preserved the interdependence of truth, goodness, and beauty. When youth is stirred as youth can be to the depths of their naturally truthful souls, they will take the lead in "Preserving, Protecting, and Defending" all that is good and noble.

There is one other thing I should like to add before closing. It is in reference to the immigrants to our shores. In all the world's history no nation has thrown its gates so wide open to welcome into citizenship the peoples of other lands as has the United States; nor has any nation received such gifts as have come to us from the homelands of Europe. The main roots of our civilization are buried in the Old World soil of Europe, and American culture is a combination of European tradition and American environment. In Americanizing our immigrants, we must not overlook their best elements of character, but we must touch their souls with what is best in religion, political life, and morals. This we can do; this we must do.

Why The Sabbath?

Elder George Q. Morris

General Superintendent, Y. M. M. I. A.

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

"For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day. Wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it." (Exodus 20:8-11)

THE Fourth Commandment has never been revoked. Notwithstanding it is so generally disregarded, it still stands as the law of God to the inhabitants of the earth, with promises for those who obey it and with penalties for those who violate it. The violation and neglect of the Sabbath, with all it connotes, has brought confusion and misery to the world.

So many people, nominal believers in the "Lord of the Sabbath," do not seem to comprehend how serious and fundamental this commandment is. In a peculiar way this one commandment goes back to the very creation of the earth; its spiritual provisions for the welfare of man are integrated with the provisions made by Deity for man's physical well-being.

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.

"And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God had created and made." (Genesis 2:2-3)

This Sabbath observed by the Creator became the foundation and type for the Sabbath that was provided for man in his earth life. The earth was formed as a suitable habitation for man; and water and the land, plants and animals were all created and the necessary provisions were made so that man would survive physically. As a final creative act, the seventh day was set apart as a day of rest, and in that day the Creator rested and sanctified it. It is evident that the same love and wisdom that led to providing food and materials for shelter and clothing and that tempered the elements to make life for man possible upon the newly-created earth, also provided that when man pursued his life in the world so created, it was ordained that he should observe each seventh day as a day of rest, and that on that day he should worship the Creator who had made the earth for him, and who had provided for him, among the other necessary things, his Sabbath. This Sabbath, the Almighty says, should be sacred both to man and to God. Since Deity deals in neither trivialities nor nonessentials, it must follow that man's nature being what it is, and man's relations and obligations to his Divine Creator being what they are, each seventh day of his earth life must be faithfully used for rest and worship or his life will be impoverished, and he will violate a sacred obligation with serious re-

sults. How serious a matter this law is, becomes apparent from the words of the Lord as given to Moses, parts of which I italicize:

"Speak thou also unto the Children of Israel, saying, verily my sabbaths ye shall keep; for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you.

"Ye shall keep the sabbath therefore *for it is holy unto you;* everyone that defileth it shall surely be put to death; for who soever doeth any work therein, *that soul shall be cut off from among his people.*

"Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the sabbath of rest, *holy to the Lord:* Whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death.

"Wherefore the Children of Israel shall keep the sabbath, to observe the sabbath throughout their generations, for a *perpetual covenant.*

"It is a sign between me and the Children of Israel *forever;* for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed." (Exodus 31:13-17)

OF the Ten Commands given, this one was singled out as one of two most important and characteristic observances of the chosen people. Smith's *Bible Dictionary* says of it:

"It is in Exodus 16:23-29 that we find the first incontrovertible institution of the day (Sabbath) as one given to, and to be kept by the Children of Israel. Shortly afterwards it was reenacted in the Fourth Commandment which gave it rank above that of an ordinary law, making it one of the Signs of the Covenant. As such it remained, together with the Passover, the two forming the most solemn and distinctive features of that Hebrew religious life. Its neglect or profanation ranked foremost among natural sins; the renewal of it was sure to accom pany natural reformation."

This law has been again given t the modern world through a moder Israel. By the same Divine Cre ator who gave it to Moses, it ha been given to a modern lawgiver Joseph Smith:

"And that thou mayest more fully kee thyself unspotted from the world, tho shalt go to the house of prayer and offe up thy sacraments upon my holy day;

"For verily this is a day appointed unt you to rest from your labors, and to pa thy devotions unto the Most High;

"Nevertheless thy vows shall be offere up in righteousness on all days and at a times;

"But remember that on this, the Lord day, thou shalt offer thine oblations an thy sacraments unto the Most High, con fessing thy sins unto thy brethren, an before the Lord.

"And on this day thou shalt do nor other thing, only let thy food be prepare with singleness of heart that thy fastin may be perfect, or, in other words, tha thy joy may be full.

"Verily, this is fasting and prayer, or i other words, rejoicing and prayer." (*Doc trine and Covenants,* 59:9-14)

It has thus been again set up a an indispensable requirement fo the successful living of each life; is just as necessary as the physica requirements of life—if a properl balanced physical and spiritual lif is to exist. This is true with nation peoples and individuals. God wil not be mocked. His eternal law work their inescapable effects in hu man life to preserve or destroy, a they are obeyed or violated.

"The Sabbath was made for man not man for the Sabbath." Suc was the rebuke of the Master t those who prescribed ridiculous an fantastic rules for Sabbath Day ob servance and tried to trap Him Since the Sabbath was made fo

man, man should have the right attitude toward it. The Sabbath is not a deprivation designed to impoverish, but is rather a high privilege designed to make life truly rich and joyful. It is largely a question of one's spiritual and intellectual capacity to devote one day out of seven to high spiritual pursuits. That capacity should be developed by all if they would truly live. Since the Creator ordained one day exclusively for rest and worship, the Church, of course, offers its members opportunities for worship on that day. A member who faithfully observes the Sabbath will probably be led to faithfully discharge his other obligations to the Lord. Conversely, one who fails in the faithful keeping of the Sabbath will probably fail in his other obligations to Deity. It is a key commandment. Brigham Young, speaking of those who were not keeping the Sabbath Day, said: "They are weak in the faith. Gradually, little by little, little by little, the spirit of their religion leaks out of their hearts and their affections, and by and by they begin to see faults in their brethren, faults in the doctrines of the Church, faults in the organization, and at last they leave the Kingdom of God and go to destruction. I wish you would remember this and tell it to your neighbors."

QUITE generally the custom prevails to cease work on the Sabbath. Too often it makes way for a day of pleasure seeking. The essence of Sabbath observance is the worship of God. The home is the effective place to teach the proper observance of the Sabbath. The conditions in it should be conducive to a sacred Sabbath. The spirit of the Sabbath should prevail. The home and the family should be in order, and preparation should be made because a holy day is to be kept. Life that day should be on a higher plane and should leave something that is to carry over till another Sabbath.

No, the law of the Sabbath has not been abrogated. It has been reiterated. It is the counsel and the commandment of a loving Father, suited to his children living in this earth He created for them, to enable them to be true to themselves and to Him. These are His words concerning it:

"And inasmuch as ye do these things with thanksgiving, with cheerful hearts and countenances, not with much laughter, for this is sin, but with a glad heart and a cheerful countenance—

"Verily I say, that inasmuch as ye do this, the fulness of the earth is yours, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and that which climbeth upon the trees and walketh upon the earth;

"Yea, and the herb, and the good things which come of the earth, whether for food or for raiment, or for houses, or for barns, or for orchards, or for gardens, or for vineyards;

"Yea, all things which come of the earth, in the season thereof, are made for the benefit and the use of man, both to please the eye and to gladden the heart;

"Yea, for food and for raiment, for taste and for smell, to strengthen the body and to enliven the soul.

"And it pleaseth God that he hath given all these things unto man; for unto this end were they made to be used, with judgment, not to excess, neither by extortion.

"And in nothing doth man offend God, or against none is his wrath kindled, save those who confess not his hand in all things, and obey not his commandments." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 59:15-21)

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Orea B. Tanner

Instructor in English, Brigham Young University

"FLORENCE is like a river that follows its own course, yet keeps its banks verdant and flowering for miles on either side," wrote her mother of Florence Jepperson Madsen. In this one brief figure, her mother characterized the life of one of Utah's most prominent and successful musicians.

Florence Jepperson Madsen's course from infancy has been a musical one. While a tiny girl, she stood at the family organ treading with one foot and reaching up to the keys to play the lead while she sang alto to familiar songs. Neighbors and friends came in to hear her and praise her. At the age of five, she was making regular public appearances.

Florence came from a home devoted to the arts, especially to music and painting. Her father Samuel H. Jepperson, when he was thirteen, under circumstances of extreme danger and hardship, earned his first violin by delivering several loads of logs taken from Provo Canyon. Later he made musical instruments, taught music, organized bands and orchestras throughout the state, and developed an orchestra in his own family. He also distinguished himself as the pioneer landscape artist of Utah and has left many highly-praised paintings for future generations. "One of the dearest memories of my life," says Florence, "is the joy we had in preparing our picnic and traveling in our buggy to some secluded and lovely spot where we spread our lunch and enjoyed an afternoon of rest while father painted some beauty spot of nature. So trained were we to look for these lovely scenes, that to this day I find myself seeking out the picturesque spots that would make a suitable subject for a painting."

Florence's mother, Minnie Johnson Jepperson, possessed a spontaneous humor, a deep love of beauty in all its forms, and a rich gift of spirituality. She, too, was a musician with a rare contralto voice, and was an outstanding soloist in Provo's early musical circles. With the guidance of such parents, the family without wealth but with cheerful effort, cooperation, and sacrifice, created a home devoted to music, beauty, and to each other. All the children received a musical education and have served their communities with cheerfulness and efficiency.

Before she entered the Brigham Young University, Florence assisted Professor J. R. Boshard in his work as supervisor of music in the Provo City schools. After her study with Professor Anthony C. Lund at the Brigham Young University, she went to Boston to study at the New England Conservatory of Music where she was graduated with high honors. She remained in Boston thirteen years, and during that time she was active and successful as church, concert, and oratorio singer. For eight years she was head of the vocal department at Lasell Semi-

inary, Boston, which is one of the finest girls' schools in America.

Mrs. Madsen's accomplishments in music are too numerous to list completely. She is renowned as singer, teacher, composer, and con

teaching, she has trained many of our gifted and prominent singers. She has the ability to release to a marvelous degree the latent beauty in the voices she trains, and often finds and develops talent when it is

FLORENCE JEPPERSON MADSEN

ductor. Her singing is a joy to all who hear her. In listening to her sing one is never conscious of mechanics or training. One hears only pure music. Her singing is a perfect example of the artlessness of great art.

Throughout the years of her entirely hidden to the ordinary ear.

For two consecutive years she conducted the music of the famous California Mission play. She organized and directed the first Oratorio Society in Provo. For four consecutive summers she demonstrated three and four part ladies'

choruses at the National Summer Conference of Music in Chicago for the Educational Music Bureau. For the past sixteen years, she has spent her summers in Chicago, where she taught music at the Master Summer School of Chicago Musical College, whose president is the distinguished pianist and conductor, Rudolph Ganz. Her compositions include eight ladies' choruses and two anthems for mixed voices. The text for one of these is the poem by Dr. George H. Brimhall, "Oh, May I Know the Lord as Friend." Another uses as its text words from the eighty-fourth section of the *Doctrine and Covenants*. On one occasion her "Indian Love Lament" was sung in the Boston Symphony Hall by a chorus of one hundred sixty-five voices accompanied by the full Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Madsen had the pleasure of attending the concert and rising to acknowledge the enthusiastic applause of the great audience.

Not only has her gift of music spread beauty and joy, but so have her rich gift of friendship, her power to give encouragement, and her generosity in giving material aid when it was needed. She supported herself through all her study and managed somehow to provide four years of training in art and music for her brother and two years of musical training in the East for her sister. She has given material aid to many who could not have continued their studies without it. In a recent letter one of those who received her help and who has since found success in dramatic work says, "I shall always thank God for blessing me with a friend like you. I shall never forget your encouragement, love and material help. . . I feel so indebted to you and so full of appreciation because you held out a kind, loving hand when I needed it. You have spent a lifetime helping others, dearest Florence. I do hope your efforts and sacrifice are repaid in gratitude.' This letter speaks for many, and it all bears testimony to the truth of her mother's statement: "My Florence! She has been big sister, friend, goodly benefactress, as well as student. Her personality is the harmonious blending of all womanly virtues and graces. Beloved and loving, she has touched the lives of thousands."

Florence Madsen now holds the following degrees: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Master of Music, Doctor of Music, Doctor of Music Education. Through all of her study and success, her devotion and service to the Church have been strong, steady, and untiring.

Her appointment by the First Presidency as a member of the Relief Society General Board was announced August 15, 1941.

In 1922, Florence married Franklin Madsen. Since then, they have won their honors and degrees together. The choruses trained and conducted by the Madsens at the Brigham Young University have had large part in creating the reverence and joyousness so characteristic of that great school. Society at large is made richer by a public servant such as Florence Jepperson Madsen.

Home Accident Prevention

No. II

FIRES—BURNS, SCALDS, SHOCKS, ASPHYXIATION

The American National Red Cross, in its publication "Home and Farm Accident Prevention," states that "among women, fatal burns are relatively more important than any other type of accidental death except falls. . . . Nearly three-fourths of the fatal burns occur in home accidents." It suggests the following simple home activities to prevent burns, scalds, shocks, asphyxiations:

I. Chimneys and Flues

Chimneys and flue passages should be inspected and cleaned at regular intervals, and chimneys kept in good condition.

II. Fireplaces, Stoves and Stovepipes

Fireplaces should have a metal screen to prevent coals and sparks from falling out on the floor and to keep children from getting burned.

Care should be exercised in banking coal fires for the night, and chimney dampers should never be completely closed.

Keep wall paper away from stovepipe hole; keep stovepipe one foot away from all wood. Have a metal or asbestos plate back of and under the stove and out a foot in front to protect the floor.

Drying clothes, shoes or kindling in the bake oven or near the stove or grate has started many fires.

III. Lamps

Keep lamps away from walls and curtains.

Make lamp shades of something that won't burn, not cloth or paper.

Children should not be left alone with lamps; nor should a lamp be left burning with no one in the house.

IV. Matches

Take matches out of pockets before hanging away clothes.

Store matches in a metal container, where children cannot reach them.

V. Rubbish and Trash; Campfires

Rubbish and accumulations are a frequent cause of fire. Buy or build a rubbish burner.

Do not pile wood, coal, or papers near the furnace. A metal container for ashes may be worth a thousand times its cost.

Campers should make sure fires are out when breaking camp.

VI. Electrical Wiring and Equipment

Have electrical wiring done right in the first place and keep it in repair. Insist on sufficient fuse blocks being used and *keep proper capacity* fuses in them *at all times*.

Have all electrical connections out of reach from the bathtub, sink and lavatory.

The use of a portable electric heater in the bathroom is dangerous.

Provide a stand for the electric iron, or use the type with a heel rest.

Check over all electric cords and discard those that are worn.

In lighting Christmas trees, the use of electric light sets with broken insulation or with improper fittings is hazardous.

Any type of heating pad needs to be used with care and judgment.

VII. Gas Pipes and Equipment

Gas piping should be installed only by skilled workmen, the meter far from possible flames or sparks.

Gas jets or cocks should be adjusted to turn smoothly, but not easily.

Watch pots to prevent their boiling over and putting out the flame.

Care should be used in lighting the oven. Open the door to ventilate before lighting. Apply the match at the same moment gas is turned on. Never look for a leak with a lighted match or flame.

VIII. Frozen Water Pipes

Thaw frozen water pipes with hot water, not with a flame.

IX. Carbon Monoxide Dangers

Always assure yourself that the garage is open before starting motor of car.

(*Continued on page 652*)

Upon Sacred Ground

Dr. H. Wayne Driggs

Assistant Professor of Education, New York University

Author of "America's Witness for Christ"

THREE hundred and fifty miles from Manhattan through the rolling country of the Empire State seems but a short drive when one feels the pull of Palmyra. To the Latter-day Saint, this little peaceful village in the heart of upstate New York has become the sacred spot from which the reality of the risen Christ and his modern prophet are born anew with each returning visit. Such has been the experience of many thousands of Saints who have journeyed to these beautiful scenes that surround the cradle of Mormonism.

In recent years, since the erection of the magnificent monument that lifts so inspiringly above Cumorah, new life and interest have been brought to this famous hill in the form of dramatic pageantry. To one who has witnessed stirring scenes from the *Book of Mormon* played under the open heavens upon Cumorah's slopes, and heard voiced upon the night air the classic grandeur of ancient American prophecies concerning the coming of Christ, there comes a hunger for more and more of the words of life. For great prophecies are like great music, they grow upon the listener with successive renditions.

It has been with such longing in past summers that many thousands of people—by far the majority of whom are non-Mormons—have returned for five successive years to Cumorah to see and hear "America's Witness for Christ."

And so on the late afternoon o July 12th, as one who had com again, I too skimmed along th smooth macadam roads that win over the green rolling fields towar the town of Palmyra. My wife, tw sons, and two cousins were in th car with me. The lengthening shad ows of evening were stretchin over the farms as we rounded th last turn which threw Cumorah int full view. There upon its woode slope were three huge stages, one d rectly above the other, set off wit highly-colored scenic flats that d picted the skill and culture of th pre-Columbian inhabitants of th American continents. Even at th early hour before sunset a stir o expectancy among those present pe vaded the quiet but inspiring scen A number of the Eastern States mi sionaries in direct charge of th lighting, sound, and stage effec were on the grounds treading th many paths upon the slope in thei routine check-up of equipmen Within the tent dressing rooms tha lifted above the thickly-woode wings of the central stages came th rustle of costumes. High alon Cumorah's ridge two or three figur silhouetted against the deepenin sky made their way toward th monument.

Night came quickly over C morah this midsummer evening, fo there was much to contempla with friends upon this ground, an before we knew it the crowd abou the base of the hill had thickene

TRUMPETERS HERALD PAGEANT, "AMERICA'S WITNESS FOR CHRIST"

"THE 'STICK OF JOSEPH' WAS TO GO HAND IN HAND WITH A RECORD CALLED THE 'STICK OF JUDAH' "

Upon the acres that apron the rising slope of the hill, state troopers assisted by an able staff of missionaries, had directed an unending line of cars that almost noiselessly rolled upon the parking field. People here have come to respect the sacredness of this spot. Scores of cars had been parked and thousands of seats had been filled by 7 p. m., two hours before the pageant was to begin.

HALF an hour before curtain time, I stood upon the ridge of the hill and watched the necklace of moving lights that came from both directions along the Palmyra-Manchester road into the Y that forked upon the parking field. All proceeded in orderly fashion until the fields were completely filled. As the nine o'clock hour arrived, an announcement over the loud speake from the lower stage instructed th huge crowd to turn off car ligh and refrain from smoking. The r sponse to this request was unusua Nowhere have I seen so large a open-air crowd so uniformly respe the general wishes of those in charg of a production. Then came th swelling sound of music, and wit it the field lights, high above th seated audience, faded into the dar ness of the night. The pageant w to begin!

Across the sweep of the hill, fo floodlights lifted into sight the flo ing white robes of the trumpete who stood at the base of the mon ment. Then when the last blend notes from their golden horns di upon the breeze, the lights came on the lower stage illuminating t

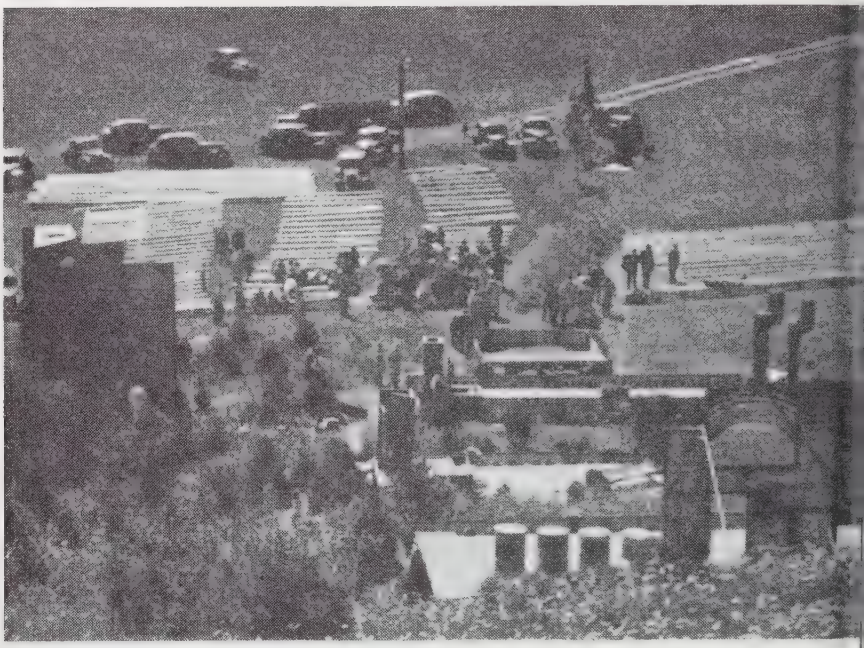
single figure of the ancient prophet Ezekiel who spoke of the two sticks that would go hand in hand in the latter days to bear witness of the Christ—the *Bible* and the *Book of Mormon*. After, in successive order, came the scenes portraying Moroni in his father Mormon's workshop receiving the records which bore witness of the Messiah and his visit to the Americas. Then came the vision of Nephi, the testimony of Abinadi, the conversion of Alma the younger, the conversion of King Lamoni, the fiery words of Samuel the Lamanite, and last the appearance of Christ himself to the Nephites. As a closing scene, Moroni again appeared and delivered the plates of the *Book of Mormon* to the boy prophet, Joseph Smith, and with these immortal words the pageant closed:

"And when ye, o people of the earth, shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost."

Most impressive were the lighting effects. In the appearance of the Christ and the Angel Moroni, the intense light that illumined their beings seemed to come from within them. Equally good was the sound system which carried the voices of the characters far across the valley. The costumes were beautiful; and the excellent acting done by the large cast of missionaries was a tribute to J. Karl Wood and Harold I. Hansen, their directors.

INSPIRING has been the growth through the years since the summer of 1937 when Elder Don B. Colton, then president of the Eastern States Mission, first presented "America's Witness for Christ" at Cumorah. Following his lead, Elder Frank Evans, who succeeded him as mission president, heightened and perfected the performances through three successive summers. This year, the present mission president, Gustave A. Iverson, has brought many new and helpful additions to enhance the total effectiveness of the pageant and conference. Among other things, he has established two booths of information from which thousands of tracts were distributed and many copies of the *Book of Mormon* sold. He told the writer that after each of the two performances this year but few tracts had

COSTUMES FOR PAGEANT WERE AUTHENTIC AND COLORFUL



STAGES, SCENERY, AND STAGE PROPERTIES WERE BUILT BY MISSIONARIES

been dropped upon the fields. Nearly every piece of literature distributed was taken away.

The deep interest shown by the most attentive audiences of Friday and Saturday evenings carried conversations about the things experienced far beyond the immediate scene of the pageant. So it was with the writer and his party. F during the whole of the long retu trip to New York on the followi day, the inspiring scenes of t night before had made Palmyra li again as a sacred spot in this ne land, whence had come the *Bo of Mormon* — "America's Witn for Christ."

BE STILL

Olive C. Wehr

"Be still and know that I am God." (Psalms 46:10)

Be still, my troubled soul, and know
His voice within the hurricane;
I know He calls to me, and so
I shall not faint again.
Be still, my trembling heart, and hear,
Where storms break cold and grey,
The loving voice that draws me near—
I shall not lose my way.

Pink Lemonade for the Boys

Olive W. Burt

THE ice cream in the tightly clutched cones was melting faster than small pink tongues could lap it up, and the brown hands were speckled with drops of strawberry red, but neither Janet nor Stevie noticed this, and kept on licking automatically, while their eyes watched the men.

The men were fascinating creatures, perched high against the billboard in the summer sun. But the work they were doing was even more fascinating, for they were posting bills about the circus—brilliant bills that showed prancing horses with beautiful ladies standing on their backs; swinging trapeze bars, from which hung strong-armed men tossing smiling ladies back and forth; raging lions, teeth bared and eyes gleaming; elephants and clowns; all the dazzling attractions of a three-ringed circus.

Janet read the captions to her small brother, but the boy didn't need the words to tell him what the pictures showed so vividly.

"Do you think Dad and Mom will take us?" he asked, his eyes shining. "They will, won't they, Janet?"

"I suppose so," said Janet. "They're awfully good that way."

"It'll be fun going with a *family*, won't it?" persisted Stevie.

Janet nodded. She and Stevie had seen circuses before. Every summer that they had lived in the Home, after Father and Mother had gone, big buses had called at the Home and had taken all the children, who were old enough to go, out to the circus grounds. They had had reserved seats as guests of the men's clubs of the city, and they had been given ice-cream cones. It had been lots of fun. The children had talked about it for days afterward. But this would be different—that is, if Mom and Daddy took them.

Janet didn't doubt at all that they would. Mr. and Mrs. Allen had adopted the two children in the spring, and since then they had done everything they could do to make the youngsters forget that they were not really their own children. Stevie had almost forgotten, and at times Janet, too, found herself thinking of the two as intimately as she had used to think of her own mother and father.

But Janet was desperately afraid of losing this lovely home—afraid that the two children might prove a burden to their benefactors—and so she hesitated to ask for things, and tried to put a gentle brake on her brother's unquestioning demands. It was quite a task, this keeping Stevie within the bounds of what Janet considered proper decorum and yet not remind him that he was merely adopted. She didn't want to do that; she wanted Stevie to forget; wanted him to feel that he belonged, that this was his family. Yet she herself didn't dare forget for fear that they might lose their present good fortune.

So she took the last tip of the cone into her mouth, licked off her fingers, and said quietly, "Let's not

ask them, Stevie. Let's wait and see what they say."

AS soon as Janet saw young Mr. Allen walking up the pathway that evening, his eyes shining like Stevie's, she knew she needn't have worried. Daddy picked Stevie up and swung him to his shoulder, crying, "Guess what, kids! Guess what!"

Janet, wise beyond her years in the ways of encouraging masculine enthusiasm, would have pretended ignorance, but Stevie blurted out, "The circus is coming! The circus is coming!"

"Right the first time," laughed Daddy. "And what follows?"

"Are we going?" cried the boy, assurance making the question into a command.

"'Are we going?' he asks!" and Daddy gave Stevie a swing to the floor, to stoop and kiss Janet and then throw his arms around his smiling wife. "Do you hear that, darling? He asks us if we're going to the circus!"

"You're more enthusiastic about it than he is, I believe," and Mom smiled at the two standing there so close together, so dependent on each other for happiness.

"And what shall we do at the circus?" Daddy was waltzing around the room. "We shall eat peanuts and feed the elephants; we shall see the fat woman and the snake charmer; we shall dribble ice cream over our shirt fronts. . . ."

"And drink pink lemonade!" shouted Stevie, prancing after the cavorting man.

Daddy stopped and looked at the boy more seriously.

"Of course, pink lemonade! That's what makes a circus, real isn't it? It's my favorite drink—a yours, too, Stevie, I take it?"

Stevie sobered, too. "I think s he said. "I've never tasted it."

"Never tasted pink lemona Well, we'll take care of that, right. We'll have a glass or t before we go in and a glass or t when we come out; and if we thirsty, we'll leave right spank in middle and drink another glass two, won't we?"

Stevie laughed and bobbed head up and down. "Yes, we wi a big glass or two, a great big g or two!" he repeated. Then mak the phrase into a sort of march tune, he pranced about shout "Pink lemonade! Pink lemona A great, big glass of pink len ade!"

Daddy joined him, and they m such a noise that Mom drove t out onto the lawn while she Janet got the supper on the ta Janet thought she ought to exp about the lemonade. She sai

"Last summer at the circus it awfully hot and dry, and we all dreadfully thirsty. They gave u cream, and we had reserved s but they didn't think about the lemonade. It looked good, an the kids wanted some, but of c they couldn't ask for any."

Mrs. Allen worked quietly. had learned that silence bro confidence. Janet went on,

"When we got back to the H we had some plain lemonade cold, with gingersnaps. It was g but we wondered about the lemonade. Stevie asked me if lemonade 'tasted prettier' plain lemonade." She smiled a remembrance, fondly, half apo

ally, as she always smiled at her rother's bright remarks.

Mrs. Allen said quietly, "Well, ou shall both have all the pink monade you can drink, this time."

"You're not afraid it will make s sick?"

"Of course not! Whoever heard f pink lemonade making anyone ck!"

"Even if it did," Janet offered opefully, "it wouldn't make any ifference, would it? We'd have ad a taste, anyway."

FROM that afternoon on, there was nothing in the world worth lking about but the circus. Natrally, Daddy and Stevie did most the talking. They played at elehant and rider, at bareback tricks, clowns and at sideshow barker. heir evening romp was given over ntirely to circus. And each evening st before the romp was over, Mom ould come out onto the lawn carryg a tray and crying, "Lemonade! emonade! Who'll have a glass of monade!" And Daddy, with Stevie mitating him, would take a glass of om's delicious lemonade and taste and say, "Pretty good—but it cerinly isn't *pink* lemonade. Try ain tomorrow, will you, Mrs. llen?"

Mrs. Allen explained to Janet, Your Daddy is really as excited as tevie, dear. You know, he hasn't en to a circus himself since he was little boy. And then he didn't have y money for pink lemonade or pcorn or sideshows. I think he rried water for the elephants to get to the big show, and that was all saw. He remembers what fun it as, though. I'm so glad Daddy's tting this chance." And Janet realized vaguely that perhaps they meant as much to their new parents as the parents meant to the two lonely little orphans; and she hoped, desperately, it would always be like this.

But as time for the circus drew nearer, Janet began to worry. What if something happened so that Stevie and Daddy couldn't go to the circus? What if Stevie had one of his sick spells? True, since they had been with the Allens, Stevie hadn't had any upset stomach or any fits of crying. He ate everything that was placed before him, and he slept like a tired puppy. Janet sensed that it was partly due to the care with which his food was chosen and served, but more because of the feeling of safety and affection that he knew for the first time. But this extra excitement, this strain of waiting for the circus, this eternal bubbling over might be bad for him.

If he got sick—if they couldn't go to the circus—Janet didn't dare think what this would mean to the two "boys" as she invariably thought of Mr. Allen and Stevie together.

The circus was coming on Wednesday, and there was to be a "gigantic parade" in the morning, and both an afternoon and evening performance. Daddy was going to take the whole day off. They would all go to the parade, then have dinner in town and go to the afternoon show. Everything was planned so definitely, so confidently, that Janet didn't see how anything could prevent their following the program. If only Stevie, wild with excitement and singing in his sleep, "Pink lemonade!" kept well.

By Tuesday, Janet's uneasiness had grown unreasonably. She felt

worried, unhappy, and began to imagine all sorts of disasters to their plans. She was grumpy about her little duties, and even became cross with Stevie, reminding him, almost brutally, that "he'd better be careful and take his nap, or he might not even be able to go to the circus!"

Stevie's blue eyes opened wide, and he gazed at his sister in surprise. She so seldom spoke harshly to him.

"Whassa matter, Janet?" he asked.

"I don't know," his sister answered unhappily, putting her arms about the little fellow. "I'm just cross, that's all, Stevie."

That evening she didn't want to join in their usual pre-bedtime play, but sat in her low rocker watching them with misgiving, and when Stevie was showered and in his pajamas ready for bed, she looked him over carefully. No, there was no fever, no soreness, no hint of trouble in the firm, brown little body. Still Janet worried.

Mrs. Allen, coming in on the inspection, laughed.

"What do you expect to find, Janet?" she teased.

"I don't know," Janet answered seriously. "But boys are so surprising! It would be just like Stevie to be sick tomorrow so they couldn't go to the circus!"

"Oh, I don't think so," smiled the woman. "You look worse right now than Stevie does."

Janet's hand flew to her own cheek, which was, without doubt, rather warm.

"I guess I've been worrying too much!" she apologized. "I guess everything will be okay. Only I wouldn't like Daddy and Stevie disappointed."

"You've taken care of Stevie to long by yourself, so to speak," an Mom's arms went around the litt girl, and she pressed a kiss on th top of the bright red head. "No you get to bed or you won't be rea yourself in the morning."

JANET awoke while it was st dark with the definite knowled that something was wrong. Her fir thought, as always, was of h brother, and she tiptoed to the dd between their rooms and looked He slept as little boys sleep—spre eagled on the bed, pajamaed l and arms flung wide. He was brea ing quietly, and Janet, long-pr ticed in watching out for distu ances in the beloved little fo knew that he was all right.

Only then did she locate the turbance. It was inside herself. ached, dreadfully, all over; her e were watery; she felt nauseated. cheeks were burning.

With trembling fingers she buttoned her own thin pajama t and examined her chest and st ach. As she looked, tears filled eyes and overflowed. She chicken pox!

Last winter, when an epidemi the disease had struck the H she and Stevie had somehow, raculously they thought at the t escaped. Now she wondered terly why they could not have the chicken pox then when wouldn't have mattered, instea waiting till now—the very day o circus.

She climbed back into bed sat huddled against the pillow, dering what she could do.

For years she had been a tomed to meeting the problems

vere constantly confronting her and Stevie, dealing with them as best he could, with the one rule to guide ier: Stevie must be kept safe and happy. It seemed to her almost raitorous that now she, who should iave helped him enjoy this day so ong awaited, would be the one to prevent his good time.

For beyond question, it was impossible for her to go to the circus. Not only was she too ill to enjoy it—although she was not really very ick, she reflected—but she knew she ould not expose other children. Anyway, Mom and Daddy wouldn't hink of permitting it.

When they discovered that she ad chicken pox, they wouldn't even et Stevie go, though he was as well s could be. He might not even atch them, reflected Janet. He adn't caught them last year, hough he had played with the first oy to "come down" up to the very inute of the discovery of his ailment.

It would have been better, Janet hought miserably, if it had been tevie who had taken ill, as she had een worrying. He could have unerstood that better than he could omprehend his sister's depriving im of his great day.

But the boy wasn't sick; probably ouldn't ever have the chicken pox. He ought to go to the circus. And Daddy, too! He had never been to circus since he was a little boy—ad never had pink lemonade to rink and pink popcorn to eat. He ad counted on this so much.

Janet got up again and looked at erself in the mirror. The soft sumier dawn was just creeping up cross the sky, but she could see, ithout turning on the light, that her appearance proclaimed that something was wrong. If only she could hide away, so that Mom and Daddy wouldn't know! She couldn't face them and hide her trouble. If it didn't *show* so plainly, she might tell them she didn't want to go to the circus, and they'd go without her. Or would they? How could she convince them that she didn't want to go, and yet not reveal what was wrong? They mustn't guess this, or they wouldn't take Stevie—and then Daddy wouldn't get to go either.

At last she set her lips in a determined line and went to work. She dressed very quietly. Then she sat down by the window, where it was light enough now to see, and wrote. It took her quite awhile to compose her note so that it suited her, but at last she got up, pinned the note to her pillow, and slipped out of the door, down the basement stairs, and across the big room to a cot that had been placed in a shadowed corner for the children to nap on during hot afternoons. She crawled under the thin coverlet, pulled it up over her head, and hoped that in the excitement of finding the note, in the hustle and bustle of getting away to the circus, no one would even glance toward the cot. Probably no one would even come down into the basement this morning. Anyway, she reflected as she dozed off wearily, it was the only place she could go, looking the way she did.

JANET'S sleep that morning was fitful. She heard the family awaken; heard the exclamations and talk going on above her when her note was discovered; heard Stevie's whimpering, and Daddy's voice ask-

ing what could have possessed her, and Mom's quiet talk. . . . Janet almost smiled. Mom would know that Janet had a good reason. Mom would cooperate all right.

There was breakfast, and the two "boys" helped with the dishes. Then, almost before Janet was aware of it, probably because long periods were lost in troubled sleep, Daddy had the car at the back door, and the trio were off to the parade. They wouldn't be back until late in the afternoon, after the circus. Janet smiled happily, and relaxed into real slumber.

She awoke once or twice during the day, burning with thirst, and stumbled across to the tap to draw herself a drink. She wasn't hungry at all; she just wanted to sleep. So there, in the cool, shadowy basement, she stayed quietly. When she was asleep she dreamed of the circus, and when she was awake she thought about it and about what the "boys" would be doing. She remembered her note with a little surge of pride. It must have sounded all right, she reflected, or they wouldn't have gone as they had. She must have made them believe that she was really afraid of lions and elephants and would rather spend the day "with some of the kids" than to watch the antics of clowns and trapeze performers. "Don't bother to call up everyone and try to find me," she had written, "I will be all right, and will be home here when you come. I wouldn't do it this way, but you know Stevie. He would beg me to go, and I would have to go, and then I might get sick in the heat and spoil all the fun. Please do as I say. Please!"

Once she said to herself, when the water didn't seem to quench h thirst at all, "I don't really mi missing the circus, but I would su like a drink of cold lemonade."

It was nearly dark in the baseme when the excited voices of the turning family awakened Janet. S sat up. The day had gone very w for her. She was hungry now, a felt much better than she had t morning, though she was a lit wobbly as she tried to stand up.

The three came into the hou Stevie rushing before his paren crying, "Janet! Janet! Janet!" as s ran from room to room.

Janet stumbled up the stairs stood blinking in the kitchen d way.

Her mother gave one start glance at the blotched face, watery eyes, and then her arms w around the little girl.

"Janet, honey, what is it?" asked tenderly.

"Chicken pox," answered Janet a matter-of-fact tone.

Her mother held her closer, tears and laughter seemed to cl her.

"You knew it this morning!" accused gently. "You knew . then she stopped and kissed the of the bright head. "Where you stay all day, darling?"

"In the basement. I slept of the time. Was the circus g Did you get some pink lemona

A swift look passed between two adults. After the little sacrifice for them they'd have to spare her this, but Stevie, literal, said, "There wasn't an this circus. We had orange in a bottle."

For one brief moment there

ence, as the little girl took in the ews. Then the blue eyes lighted, d a twinkle came into them; be- re anyone knew what had hap- ned, all four were laughing mer- y.

Daddy picked Janet up. "To bed ith you, sweetheart!" he cried, 'll bring you some supper in a inute. And, Stevie boy, you'd bet- r keep away from Sister. Maybe u won't have them. . . . I hope you won't for my own peace of mind!" he added, ruefully.

So Daddy undressed Janet and put her to bed, while Mom prepared a tray, and Stevie stood outside her door and told her about the circus. When Mom brought the tray in, Janet laughed again, and Stevie clapped his hands. For there on the tray, produced magically by Mom, were four tall glasses of pink lemonade.

SO MARK THE YEARS

Celia A. Van Cott

Once more the summer's fruited days are done;
Dry milkweed stalks fringe fields of stubbled hay;
The grain has ripened in the summer's sun,
And crickets grieve the fleeting hours away.
Down quiet lanes within the country now
Tall poplars lift nude branches to the sky;
No bird mate carols from a naked bough—
Fall's symphonies, the dry leaves shifting by.

I love this healing interlude of rest,
Each graying furrow numbed by harvest's gain;
I love to walk upon the earth's shorn breast
And dream of life in spring's warm slanting rain.
Soon storm's white wrath shall mound the frozen sod—
So mark the years that wing us back to God.

HAPPENINGS

Annie Wells Cannon

Like a jeweled queen, radiant September displays her gifts.

THE American way of life might proceed normally and merrily were it not for the war clouds hovering over the horizon of our hopes. With the reopening of the schools and the clubs renewing their social study courses, there are many new books on the market. Some notable books by women are: *My Theodosia* by Anya Seton—gifted daughter of the writer, Ernest Thompson Seton—a pathetic story of the daughter of Aaron Burr; Mrs. Delafield of "Provincial Lady" fame offers *No One Will Know*, while Rebecca West in *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* tells a Yugoslavian story. Then there is *The Golden Skylark* by Elizabeth Goudge, while *Restlers Are the Sails* by Evelyn Eaton makes an interesting bit.

NEW YORK CITY claims to be the fashion center of the world today, now that Paris and Vienna are shorn of their glory. The Cornelia Taxi Company is hiring only women drivers, and women pilots are in great demand, so fashion may be largely uniforms.

HELEN HULL JACOBS won the Seabright tennis games, holding her place thus far as world champion.

MARY DEAN POWELL, daughter of Major Powell, who in 1869 took the long, perilous journey down the Colorado River and was its first explorer, is retracing her father's route this summer over the rough lands of Utah and Arizona bordering the Green and Colorado rivers.

DOROTHY KRISTY, "the C derella girl," is singing with Chicago Opera Company. She a protégé of Grace Moore.

PATRICIA THOMAS, Califo girl, received the Amelia hart scholarship at the convent of licensed women pilots this s mer.

INGA WELLS, active in Chu and social circles, died this s mer. We also note a numbe deaths of prominent women: H nor Lufkin Kimball, early resid of Alberta, Canada, and ear worker in the Relief Society of Northwestern States Mission; E. Cherrington, poet and poetry lyst of Pasadena; Emma Endres, years old, foreign correspondent columnist; and Roberta C. Law prominent clubwoman, granddau ter of the last chief of the Dela Indians. Sarah A. Park Brockb who was feted on her 98th birt and who received special honor year on Utah Day, July 24, a sole remaining pioneer of Uta 1847, passed away late in Augu

A REMARKABLE group of pioneer grandmothers, rec feted, follows: Mary F. Garn Roy, age 105; Sarah A. Gib 94, of Myton; Ellen Sandall, Layton; Melissa K. Lee, 90, of ente; Annie C. Shaw, 89, of Lake City; Mary K. Johnson, 8 Brigham City, still an ardent a and Eugenia Snow, 85, daugh President Lorenzo Snow.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
Motto—Charity Never Faileth
THE GENERAL BOARD
Amy Brown Lyman - - - - - - President
Marcia K. Howells - - - - First Counselor
Donna D. Sorensen - - - - Second Counselor
Vera W. Pohlman - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Belle S. Spafford, Vivian R. McConkie, Leda T. Jensen, Rae B. Barker, Nellie O. Parker
Anna S. Barlow, Achsa E. Paxman, Mary G. Judd, Luella N. Adams
Marianne C. Sharp, Anna B. Hart, Ethel B. Andrew, Gertrude R. Garff, Leona F. Wintch
Edith S. Elliott, Pauline T. Pingree, Alice B. Castleton, Priscilla L. Evans, Florence J. Madsen

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE
Editor - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford
Acting Business Manager - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

Vol. 28 SEPTEMBER, 1941 No. 9

EDITORIAL

Writers' Round-up

AMONG the many groups designed to promote culture and advance creative arts throughout the country are the organized writers' groups. These groups are subscribed to by the leading artists in all fields of writing as well as by the novice. Their activities are reflected in increased numbers of gifted persons entering the writing field and also in improved writing technique.

Among these groups is the League of Utah Writers. This organization is to be commended upon its activities in the interest of stimulating, improving, and marketing the work of local writers. The Writers' Round-up, held in Salt Lake City, August 9-10, under the direction of the Salt Lake Chapter of the League, was both stimulating and encouraging. The Round-up is an annual affair conducted by the various chapters of the League, and is an outgrowth of an activity originally sponsored and directed by the late Harrison R. Merrill, a gifted Utah writer himself and a generous and devoted friend of creative writers.

Appearing on the Round-up program each year are writers of note in all fields—quality and pulp writers, prose-article writers, newspaper writers, poets, et cetera. Writers' problems in general are discussed, and guidance in their solution is given. Wave interests in reading as well as suitable markets are carefully considered.

An interesting feature of the Round-up each year is the Poets' Breakfast. For the past two years a poetry contest has been conducted in connection with the Round-up. Prizes have been awarded, and prize-winning poems have been read by their authors at the Breakfast. The large number of local poets as well as their interest in this feature is indicated by the fact that more than 300 poems were entered in this year's contest. The general quality of poems submitted was above average. Prizes were awarded to Eva Willes Wangsgaard for her poem "Biography," Claire Stewart Boyer for "Zenith," and Martha Ross Stewart for "Sibyl." Judges in the contest were Dr. Sherman Brown

Neff of the University of Utah department of English, Dr. Carlton Culmsee of the Brigham Young University department of English, and Belle S. Spafford, editor of the *Relief Society Magazine*.

That the local writers appreciate and benefit from the annual Round-up program is evidenced by the large and constantly increasing attendance. Of special interest is the preponderance of women in attendance. At the meetings held this year, women outnumbered men by at least ten to one. When we review the writers of the past, such names as Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Thackeray, Chaucer, Pope, and a score of others readily come to mind—names of men. We recall that Mary Ann Evans, one of the greatest novelists of the nineteenth century, chose the pen name of George Eliot because in her time women had not yet found a place in the professional world.

The fact that women—women of real creative genius whose work is marketable—were in the majority at the Round-up is significant. It is indicative of the place of women in the present-day field of literature. If literature is the great preserver of culture and the interpreter and influencer of life, then we are justified in believing that the influence of women on the future will be pronounced. When the roll of honor of writers of the twentieth century is called, there is no doubt that the names of many women will be among the great. The era in which we live bids fair for women writers.

The Relief Society has always encouraged creative work of all kinds—music, art, handcrafts. Creative writing has been stressed. One of the purposes of the *Relief Society Magazine* is to encourage the literary aspirations of the women of the Church. The Relief Society General Board commends and endorses activities designed to promote and improve creative work and extends its best wishes to organizations striving to develop creative genius and to improve the quality of work done.

Tabernacle Choir Tour

AUGUST 17, more than 330 members of the Tabernacle Choir, accompanied by Church officials and friends, left Salt Lake City for California. Concerts were held in the Hollywood Bowl and in the San Francisco Civic Auditorium. Thousands of people were given opportunity to hear the famous singing organization of our Church. Conducting the Choir was J. Spencer Cornwall, director, assisted by Richard P. Condie, assistant conductor and soloist. Alexander Schreiner and Dr. Frank W. Asper, Tabernacle organists, were the musical accompanists. Lester Hewlett, president of the Choir, made the tour with the group.

For years, the Tabernacle Choir has been a source of great pride to Church members. Its music has elevated and inspired the Saints and has contributed to the spiritual tone of Church gatherings held in the great Tabernacle. Concerts conducted by the Choir have delighted thousands. The weekly broadcast from the Tabernacle has been a source of enjoyment to people throughout the Nation as well as an excellent missionary activity.

The Relief Society General Board commends the Choir upon its many achievements reflecting credit upon the Church.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Binder For Relief Society Magazine

A SUBSTANTIAL, well-made cover, into which single copies of the *Relief Society Magazine* may be inserted or removed at will, and which will hold a total of twelve issues of the *Magazine*, is now available. This binder is covered in blue Fabrikoid, with the title *Relief Society Magazine* stamped in gold. This binder will be a great convenience to all stake and ward Relief Society officers, to class leaders, and to all *Relief Society Magazine* subscribers who like to keep a current year's issue of the *Magazine* together in one place. (Note: This is the binder which was shown at the general conference of Relief Society in April of this year, with the statement that announcement would be made as soon as the binders could be supplied by a manufacturer.) Inasmuch as the General Board is offering this binder to *Relief Society Magazine* subscribers at cost, all orders should be addressed direct to the General Board of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. The price to *Relief Society Magazine* subscribers is 75c, postpaid.

Relief Society Annual Stake Conferences

RELIEF SOCIETY annual stake conferences for 1941 began on Sunday, August 24, with conferences scheduled to be held each Sunday thereafter (except on fast days) to and including November 23. Wherever feasible, two stakes will combine for a conference. According to the schedule, there will be a total of 51 one-stake conferences, and 43 two-stake conferences. A representative of the General Board will attend each conference. The plan of meetings is similar to that of last year, with a session for Relief Society stake executive officers, Relief Society stake board, bishops, and ward Relief Society presidents—all scheduled for Sunday forenoon—and an afternoon session for ward class leaders and visiting teachers.

Since the separation of auxiliary stake conferences from the regular quarterly stake conferences, a change which became effective in 1940, the Relief Society stake conferences have taken the form of a one-day institute for officers and teachers, with no general session scheduled. All stake Relief Society presidents have been informed of the date of of their respective stake conferences, and a supply of printed programs is sent well in advance of each conference for distribution to ward Relief Society presidents, who will inform the ward officers, class leaders, and visiting teachers of the time and place of the meetings which they are expected to attend.

The General Board deeply appreciates the work of stake and ward Relief Society officers in making the necessary arrangements for these annual conferences and in notifying all those who are expected to attend.

Relief Society General Conference

The semi-annual general conference of Relief Society will convene in Salt Lake City, Utah, Wednesday and Thursday, October 1 and 2, 1941. This fall conference features the educational work of the Relief Society. Stake class leaders are urged to attend the departmental meetings as follows:

Visiting Teachers' Messages
Theology and Testimony
Literature
Social Science

A special departmental session of the stake choristers will also be held.

The second day of the conference will feature an officers' meeting in the morning, for general officers, mission and stake presidents, stake officers and board members, and an afternoon session in the Tabernacle. The latter session will be open to the public.

Relief Society Pin

IN response to numerous requests, the General Board has arranged for the manufacture of an official Relief Society pin, the design for which was adapted from the official centennial insignia recently approved. The pin has been reproduced in two grades, both of identical design, size, and coloring, and will be available for sale at the offices of the General Board, September 15, 1941, and thereafter, at the following specified prices:

No. 1 Pin of blue baked French hard enamel and 24 carat gold plated, price $1.00, postpaid;

No. 2 Pin of blue baked French hard enamel and 10 carat solid gold front (i. e. gold-filled) with 24 carat gold-plated back, price $1.65, postpaid.

Although this pin is being issued as a feature of the centennial year the only date appearing on it is the organization year—1842. The pin will therefore be appropriate for use after the centennial and will be carried in stock regularly hereafter.

No Social Science Lesson For December

NO SOCIAL Science lesson is printed in this issue of the *Magazine* as no lesson for this department is planned for the month of December due to the holiday season. The General Board does not require that a meeting be held on the fourth Tuesday of December (December 23), but if local organizations desire to meet on that date, it is suggested that a Christmas program be held.

A Garden Masquerade

Vaunee T. Larson

EMILY BRANT was kneeling in the midst of her flower garden, pulling out the weeds among the brilliant blooms with quick, vigorous jerks. She often said that her flower garden was the only luxury permitted by Tom's salary as cashier at the local Fall City Bank. When Tom had brought her to this home as his bride, twenty years before, she had surveyed with dismay the rambling structure of a bygone architectural style. It had looked grim and forbidding to the radiant young bride. She knew they could not afford to remodel it; but flower seeds did not cost much, so in the first year of her married life she had begun to clothe their house and edge their lawn with nature's bright garb. The succession of profuse and gorgeous blooms from early March until late November was incentive enough for Tom and the three boys —Jim, seventeen, Allen, fifteen, and Gerry, eleven — to keep the grass trimmed and the graveled garden paths in good shape.

Emily enjoyed caring for her flowers, especially on such a sunny fall afternoon as this. She stopped her weeding and sat back on her heels as she saw her friend, Amy Adams, hurrying down the street.

"How was the club meeting today, Amy?" she called. "You look tired. Come in and rest a few minutes, won't you?" Emily motioned toward the comfortable garden chairs.

"That's just what I'd planned to do," Amy said, as she dropped wearily on the bench. "I wish you had been to the meeting today."

"Well, Amy, you know how I feel about it. You know why I stay away. I was so disappointed when I found the club would not consider working on my idea to secure a civic recreational center that I decided my garden needed me more than the club. I still think Fall City would be a much better place in which to live and rear our families if we had a recreational hall." She broke off quickly, "Forgive me, Amy, for dwelling on that old disappointment. Won't you slip off your hat and gloves while I run inside—I won't be a minute—and get some lemonade. There's a pitcherful just waiting to be brought out."

Amy relaxed in the cool shade of the garden. When Emily returned with the tray, Amy started the conversation abruptly.

"Where were Jim and Allen last night, Emily?"

"Last night . . . ?" Emily mused a moment. "Why, they went to the library. They said they were going to meet your John and study together."

A sharp premonition possessed Emily. "Why do you ask, Amy? Wasn't John at the library, too?"

"Yes, John was there. But after that, Emily, later . . . " (Even with upsetting news Amy enjoyed telling it dramatically.) "they all went out to Tony's Place."

"Tony's Place?" Emily repeated it incredulously.

"Yes, that tavern out on the Ridge Road. It is patronized by a rather fast crowd." She went on hurriedly, "Mrs. Gates told us all about it this afternoon. She said she and Mr. Gates went out for a drive in the country last night. You know how the place is lit up at night. Well, on the way home she said they drove by slowly, and she saw our boys just leaving, and Ann Fulton, that new girl in town, was with them! She tried to make it all sound so terrible, and she called that Fulton girl *trash*."

Emily's eyes were blazing. "Amy, if it's true our boys were there with the Fulton girl, I'll wager they had some good reason. Perhaps they went out there for a lark. It's natural and desirable for them to crave a lively time and the companionship of other boys and girls, and what does Fall City offer our youth? Nothing, absolutely nothing! Of course, I don't approve of the boys' going to Tony's Place, but the thing we have to do, Amy, is to safeguard them from making a habit of going there by offering them something better."

The two women talked on about their problem, but they could find no answer to it. Emily advised Amy not to question John. "Until we can offer a solution, I'm sure it will only antagonize our boys to think we have suspicioned them of wrongdoing," she cautioned.

THAT night at dinner it was an effort for Emily to be gay and cheerful. While Tom and the boys carried on a gay banter, her thoughts were busy elsewhere. Her sons were *good* boys, she knew. Yet how easy at their age to make a misstep. If only there were some organized recreational project for young and old alike. She had worked hard to promote such a project, but had met with insurmountable hostility from Mrs. Gates, the club president who had said that she would always actively oppose any plan which would include all the "trash" of the community. No help could be expected from Mr. Gates, who was the mayor as well as Tom Brant's employer. Everyone knew Mr. Gates was only the nominal head of his household. Perhaps if she went about it in an indirect way she might yet be successful. . . .

Jim had noticed that his mother was very quiet during the meal. "Say, boys, let's do a good turn for Mother—shoo her off into the living room with Dad, and we'll clean up the kitchen as slick as a whistle."

"Now that's what I call a capital idea," Tom's voice boomed out. "Come on, Mother. After working in the garden as you did this afternoon, you're entitled to a quiet evening of rest."

Emily did not tell him that it was not the garden work which made her feel so tired. Instead, she smiled gratefully as he pushed her gently into the large armchair, adjusted some pillows at her back, and brought a footstool for her feet. He continued:

"Nearly everyone who comes into the bank remarks about the beauty of our flowers. They all say theirs stopped blooming weeks ago, and here our garden is as pretty as ever."

"Yes, it is," Emily agreed. "Oh, Tom, I wish I could share the joy it has given me with everyone in this town."

"Share the joy. . . ." Emily si-

lently repeated to herself. Then, in a flash a plan was born in Emily's mind. She rose hastily with new vitality.

"Tom," she said eagerly, "don't ask me questions now, but call up the Adamses immediately. Tell all three of them to come over as quickly as they can. Oh, yes, tell Amy to bring all her old magazines and some scissors."

Tom looked at his wife intently. "Emily, are you sure you feel all right? No temperature?"

"Of course I'm all right," his wife laughingly responded.

"Sons," she called to the kitchen, "when you're through there you may get out the extra leaves for the dining-room table. We can all work around it."

She silenced their questions with a wave of her hand. "Oh, we're going to have heaps of fun tonight!" She went on talking to herself, "Now, I must get plenty of scissors, paper, paste, old magazines, pen and ink."

Tom and the boys quickly did their assigned tasks. Emily had transmitted her sudden enthusiasm to them, and they were eager for the "fun" to begin. They all answered the bell to let the Adamses in. Gerry was so aquiver with excitement he resembled his wire-haired terrier. He reached the door first and flung it wide.

"Emily, what on earth is all this about?" Amy burst into the hall. "Tom was so secretive over the phone. My two are loaded down with magazines."

"That's fine! Take them right into the dining room." Emily ushered them into the room.

"Now do explain what all this is about, Emily." Amy was plainly mystified.

"Well, tonight Tom and I were talking about our garden, and all of a sudden I thought what fun it would be to have a masquerade garden party and invite everyone in town. These fall nights are warm enough for such an affair. If we get busy and make the invitations tonight, we can set the date for next week. That will give people plenty of time to select and make a costume. How about it?"

Emily's idea won an instant and overwhelming approval, especially from the boys. Emily caught Amy's glance, and said to her quietly, "If it all works out the way I hope it does. . . ." She did not finish her sentence, but Amy knew that somehow Emily's hope for a recreational center lay in the success of the garden party.

With the advice and contributions from each one of the happy group, a creditable yet simple invitation evolved. With colored pictures of flowers pasted on it, the invitation read,

> Come one—come all,
> Come to Brants' garden
> For a masquerade ball!

In one corner, the date and time were neatly printed. By eleven o'clock over one hundred invitations were piled on the table, while a tired group surveyed them.

"Yes, there's just enough," Emily was saying, "for each family in town."

"Mother, do you have one for the Fultons?" Jim tried to ask the question casually.

"Why, no, I don't believe we do.

Here's an extra one, though, that you may address to them."

"I'd like to take it to school to Ann. Her desk is next to mine in the study hall. The Fultons are just new people here and still live out in that trailer camp at the edge of town. The mailman might not deliver mail out there."

The adults could plainly see that Jim, who had always loudly claimed that girls were "unnecessary afflictions," had at last found out that after all they might be nice companions. Wisely, they refrained from making any teasing remarks.

"Well, we'll certainly see that the Fultons receive their invitation," Emily briskly asserted. "However, I think it will be much better if Amy and I just drive out to their trailer house tomorrow, leave the invitation and make a call on Mrs. Fulton at the same time. She's probably lonely if they are strangers here."

"I guess that would be best," Jim agreed.

Fifteen-year-old Allen did not have the reticence of his older brother. He importantly confided to the adults, "Last night we boys formed a bodyguard for Ann and were. . . ."

"Be still, Allen. They aren't interested in that," Jim spoke quickly.

"Oh, but we are," Amy and Emily chorused together.

Allen continued, "We were going to see that she got home safely. But her father was waiting for her, so we didn't have to after all."

Jim decided a more thorough explanation was necessary. "You see, Ann has to earn money for her schoolbooks, so yesterday she got a job washing dishes at Tony's Place. She's going to work a couple of hours each night until she has saved enough. She told me Mr. Gates was urging her father to move on to some other place. He says there's enough unemployed families here now. But Ann says her father is an experienced painter and carpenter, and he's sure when people know him he'll have plenty of work."

So that was the real truth of the affair. Amy and Emily exchanged looks of relief.

"I would like to meet Ann," Emily said. "I'm sure she must be a very fine girl."

"Oh, she is, Mother. She's just as nice as Patricia and Ruth Gates."

When the Adams family left, they took the invitations with them. "It won't be any trouble at all for us to drive by the post office tonight. Then they'll be delivered in the early morning mail," Amy said. She laughed, "Can't you just picture the reception the Gates' invitation will get?"

"Well, I hope they come," Emily said aside to Amy. "It might change their minds about my project."

PRECISELY at nine o'clock the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. Gates were summoned to their morning meal by the tinkle of the breakfast bell. Martha, their maid who had been with them for years, stood, stiffly starched, beside the table to see that all was in perfect order. The mail was placed on a tray for Mrs. Gates; the morning paper was neatly folded for Mr. Gates. Ordinarily their breakfast progressed in silence, as their daughters ate earlier and then attended school. The atmosphere was not homey and chatty as in Emily's

home. Here a rigid formality was observed.

Mrs. Gates looked through the small pile of letters—a few bills, an invitation to a luncheon, a wedding announcement. Experimentally, she ran her finger over the wedding announcement to see if it were engraved or just an imitation. Then her attention was caught by a small envelope printed in a childish hand. That was queer. The address was to the "Gates' Household." Why that would include Martha, too! She adjusted her glasses to better see this unique card.

"Mr. Gates. . . . I beg your pardon, dear, for interrupting you" (this formality of addressing her husband had always appealed to her sense of social rightness), "but would you kindly look at *this*." She handed the invitation to him and spoke with vexation. "That's more of Emily Brant's work. She's angry with me for not putting our club support behind a project of hers to get a recreational center here, and this is her way of showing me up. I just know it is. Well, we won't accept the invitation, and if I have anything to say about it, not many more in town will either. A garden masquerade ball, indeed! Whoever heard of such a thing. I think you should get rid of Tom Brant, too. I'm sure you can find any number of men just as capable."

Ordinarily Mr. Gates did not overrule his wife's opinions, but lately for some unfathomable reason he had been finding it more and more difficult to control his irritability at her dictatorial ways.

"Now my dear Mrs. Gates, you have said quite enough. I, for one, would like to go to this . . . this ball. You know it's a fact that we have no real friends in this town. Of course, we're 'in' everything just because I'm president of the bank and mayor of the town. Yet people never asked us in for a nice sociable evening. And as for Tom Brant, he's the best man I have in the bank. In fact, I've been considering a promotion for him lately. He's already earned it."

His wife's look, more of surprise than anger at this display of masculine assertiveness, urged him on. "We'll go to that party, Mrs. Gates. Furthermore, Martha and the girls will attend also."

When her husband used that tone, Mrs. Gates knew it was time to back down with as much dignity as she could muster. "Very well, Mr. Gates, we shall go to the ball."

The newspaper now had lost interest for him. Between bites of Martha's fluffy omelette, he queried, "What's that you were saying about a recreational center?"

As Mrs. Gates told him of Emily's project, he listened attentively, but his only comment was, "Hum. . . ."

THAT afternoon at three o'clock, Mrs. Fulton was agreeably surprised and glad to receive her two visitors. She offered no apology for her humble trailer home. Indeed one was not necessary. It was clean, orderly and neat. What else could matter?

Mrs. Fulton read the invitation with interest. "We'll be delighted to come to the party. I'm sure I can make some suitable costumes for us."

Then her face clouded. "I'm afraid Ann will not be able to attend,

though. She is working to earn her school money, and according to her figures here (Mrs. Fulton took a paper from the table), Friday night, the night of the party, is the last night she must work. Even then she will have to budget carefully in order to meet her expenses. She will be disappointed, too, as she does enjoy getting out with other young people. She misses social life in this town. I tell her perhaps it will be different when we can afford to move into a little home of our own. So many have the idea that those of us who are forced to live in trailer homes leave the niceties of life behind us."

"We can readily see that that is not true of you," Emily reassured her.

"I have it solved, Mrs. Fulton," Emily spoke convincingly. "You say that Friday night is the last night Ann must work in order to complete her school fund? Well, have her arrange to quit her work on Thursday night. Then on Friday night she must come to the party and be my helper for the evening. It's essential that we have someone to take charge of the punch table. I will gladly pay her the amount she still needs for her school fund."

It took some minutes of persuasion on the part of Emily and Amy to get Mrs. Fulton's final consent, and they secured it only when they had assured her that in reality they needed Ann's help. Now that Jim so apparently admired this self-reliant young girl, Emily felt she must do all in her power to help Ann get a happy start in her life at Fall City. In arranging for Ann to attend the garden party, she had made a good beginning. She could rely on Jim to see that Ann was given other opportunities to meet young people.

TOM and Emily and their sons, with the help of the Adams family, were tireless in their efforts to see that the party was enjoyed by all. At one end of the lawn they had constructed a huge wooden dance platform. Gerry had requested the special privilege of playing and changing the records. By the light of the Chinese lanterns festooned in the branches above, the garden was a paradise where pirates and their belles, colonial gentlemen and their dames, all wearing small black masks, had come to life right out of the story books. The Fultons arrived early, so that Ann could get instructions on her evening's duties. She made a charming picture as a masked Dutch girl. Her yellow hair in two shoulder-length braids shone in the lantern light. Emily knew now it was not by accident that Jim had insisted on going as a Dutch water boy.

Of course, if one looked closely enough, it was relatively easy to figure out just who was who, but all the group soon caught the spirit of the occasion and pretended no recognition whatsoever. Mrs. Gates couldn't deny, even to herself, that it thrilled her—yes, thrilled her—when Mr. Gates found her in the throng and, making a sweeping bow, whispered low, "Sarah" (that was her first name), "may I have the pleasure of the next dance?"

"Yes, Walter," she whispered back.

Tom finally halted the dancing and games and requested the guests

to seat themselves in the folding chairs arranged around the lawn.

"I know many of you are wondering just who your beautiful or terrifying neighbors may be. I suggest that you come to the platform, one by one, where it will be my pleasant duty to unmask you for the inspection of the others. Then you may proceed to the punch bowl." Amid laughter, the guests came forward and had their masks removed. As Mrs. Gates was unmasked, Emily noted her Puritan-lady costume was in keeping with her stern character. To Emily, the success of the party would not be assured until she had a chance to talk with Mr. Gates. He was apparently enjoying himself immensely. There he was now—the last one to appear. But when his mask was removed, he did not hurry off the stage as the others had done. He was raising his voice to say something to the crowd. Emily listened eagerly for his words.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it has been brought to my attention by the enthusiastic response of the townspeople to this democratic get-together that what our little town needs and needs badly is a well-planned and permanent recreational program. As mayor of Fall City, I hereby do announce to you townspeople that such a program is to be immediately initiated. I also publicly announce that I am willing to donate for such a project the vacant store building that I own, if that is agreeable to those of you here assembled. If we all work together, I'm sure we can. . . ."

His voice was drowned out by the thundering applause. Emily could at once picture club rooms to encourage hobbies for the boys and girls, a gymnasium, and, maybe sometime, even a swimming pool. Now, there was no necessity for a "talk" with Mr. Gates. She hastened forward to extend her thanks to him. As she approached him, he silenced the crowd once more. "There's another thing I want to publicly announce, this time in my capacity as president of the bank. Beginning tomorrow, Tom Brant is promoted to the position of manager of the bank. In the past, I assumed that job along with the presidency, but I believe from now on my time will be so much devoted to the civic good of this little community that I'm glad to put Tom Brant in the position he rightfully deserved long before this."

Tom and Emily were much surprised by the announcement. They were given a rousing cheer. As they turned to thank their employer, Emily overheard Patricia Gates saying to her mother, "I want you to be sure and meet Ann Fulton, Mother, before we leave. I like her very much. She's good in Latin, too, and has promised to help tutor me."

Events had taken such a surprising turn that Emily heard, without astonishment, Mrs. Gates reply, "Yes, I'm sure she is a lovely girl. I've been talking with her mother and father. They are very intelligent and have some splendid ideas."

Then she saw Emily. "Oh, Emily, this has been a grand party! I was just thinking that if you'd only start coming to club meetings, perhaps we could do as you suggested—all work together on this project and really do something worthwhile. Don't you think it would be nice if

(*Continued on page 652*)

Some Literary Friends

Florence Ivins Hyde

No. X

Biographies

IN closing this series of articles, let us suggest a group of biographies. It is an opportune time to read the lives of eminent men and women. In all ages national crises have produced great leaders, and there is no more interesting subject than a study of the characteristics that made these leaders rise above the masses.

Since the last world war, the most popular biographies have been realistic and sensational, flaunting before the reader all the indiscretions of their subjects, all of which has tended to break down regard for the ideal for which the character stood. After years of this sort of reading, people are beginning to feel "fed up" on realism. A true picture of a historic character without any effort at sensationalism is a welcome contribution.

At this time, when war is uppermost in our minds and we are faced with the problem of demonstrating our patriotism for our country, we will find a delightful and well-written biography in the story of Florence Nightingale, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, under the title, *The Lost Commander*. This story is delightful because of its refreshing style, and is well written because the author has lived up to the requirements of a good biography.

The story of Florence Nightingale reads like fiction. It is full of adventure and romance, of conflict and, finally, of achievement. Born into a family of wealth and social standing, she could look forward to love, marriage, children, and social prestige. But all these she renounced to follow the star that guided her destiny. When only six years of age she said she believed she had a mission to fulfill. At eighteen, she refused her first opportunity to marry. At twenty-eight, she fell desperately in love, but again refused marriage because she had a strong feeling that some public service was before her. She says that throughout her life she saw during the night the eyes of her lover pleading. As you read of her life of sacrifice and hardships you wonder if she didn't at times regret her decision. But there is never a suggestion of it in all her ninety years.

Julia Ward Howe said of her when she had reached maturity, "She was elegant rather than beautiful, with the sweetest smile I ever saw."

In her day, the profession of nursing was far from desirable. Only the lowest type of women were used as nurses. It was beyond belief that any self-respecting woman should enter the profession. But Florence Nightingale saw the tragedy of the situation, recognized the needs of her country, and, unlike most people, decided to *do* something about it. In spite of the objections of her family and friends, she gave up her life of ease and went into a little school of nursing in Germany, where

she cooked, made beds, and scrubbed floors, until she had learned what there was to be learned about nursing.

From that time on, life was not easy for Florence Nightingale. Her great struggle was against public opinion. Women took no part in public life. When she tried to organize units of nurses to go to the front in the Crimean War, she met with strong opposition. It was at this period of her life that she said, "It is so important for a woman to be a person."

She had seen how piteously her nation had fallen down in caring for its wounded, and she never wavered in her determination to make it easier for the boys who were offering their lives for their country.

What she accomplished when she was finally appointed to take charge of the wounded at the war front is almost unbelievable. Before a week had passed, after arriving at Scutari, she had organized her nurses into training classes, started a laundry, set up a diet kitchen, and a storehouse for supplies. The morale of the camp completely changed. The soldiers said, "Before she came, there was cussin' and swearin', but after her arrival it was holy as a church."

Army officers were not used to women at the front. They were jealous, and when they ridiculed her, she lashed back at them with her caustic tongue. Only a person of strong character and unusual personality could have stood up against the onslaught of the army officers.

Her unprecedented success may have been due to the fact that she was a nurse herself and worked as hard as those she was training. It is said that she at times passed eight hours on her knees dressing wounds and comforting the dying men. Anesthetics were not much used in those days, and often she stood on her feet for twenty hours at a time giving courage to the boys who were undergoing operations. They worshipped her.

Few bodies could stand up under the terrific strain that she endured during those months at the front. Her health broke, and she returned to England an invalid. But she never gave up. The rest of her long life she spent advancing her profession. From her invalid bed she organized a school in London which still bears her name — unless it has fallen a prey to the ravages of the present war.

All her life, Florence Nightingale worked for the welfare of her country, with never a thought of reward. Her people offered her burial in Westminster, but she refused, saying she preferred to be buried with her own family. The only inscription on her tombstone in an obscure village cemetery are the letters "F. N.—Born 1820. Died 1910."

FOR the men of the family, we suggest the biography of Daniel Webster by Claude M. Fuess, or any story of our own American patriots. The life of Daniel Webster demonstrates the truth that one can become almost a genius by developing ordinary qualities to an extraordinary degree. The attitude he developed toward life is an inspiration to young people. When he was sixty-five, he wrote: "The longer I live the more highly do I appreciate the importance of a proper observance of the Christian Sabbath." He said, too: "I do

not go to church to learn history, but to be reminded of my duty." While he was Secretary of State, he was asked by a friend what was the most important thought that ever occupied his mind. He answered: "The most important thought that ever occupied my mind was that of my individual responsibility to God."

ANOTHER fine biography is that of Frances E. Willard by Ray Strachey.

Frances E. Willard had neither money nor social position, but she rose to the position of the first woman president of a college in America. During her life she continued to ask herself the questions: "What are you going to do in the world? What are you going to become?" Her answer was always: "Trust in the Lord and do good."

She, too, met opposition and criticism. She even had untrue things said of her, but she answered it all by saying, "I despise their pigmy minds."

Her biographer says she was a perfect as a human being could be Her success may be due to the char acteristic expressed by a friend when she said to her, "You have the hun griest soul I ever saw in a human being. It will never be satisfied."

IT is only in recent years that women have been granted equal rights with men. But from the beginning of time it has been women who have been the makers of history, for they have molded the characters of men What we, as mothers, read to our children will be a great influence in determining what they will be. Let us read some things that will help them to meet the crises of life. We cannot face the present problem of seeing our boys give up so much that is dear to them to live the life of soldiers in the service of their country, unless we have learned that the principles for which this nation stands are more precious than life itself.

END OF SERIES

A LITTLE BOY I KNOW

Sarah Willes Adamson

Eyes as bright as diamonds in their setting,
Cheeks that nature paints a cherry red,
Ears attuned to words bereft of fretting,
Lips like rosebuds in their sunny beds—

Yet the sweetest words that e'er were uttered
And the same dear story old but true
Comes again in childish pitch and tender,
"Granny dear," he whispers, "I Love You."

The Merry-Go-Round

Alice Morrey Bailey

CHAPTER SIX

SYNOPSIS

ALYN FORDYCE struggles against her husband,

JOHN FORDYCE, who insists upon continuing his work—which he loves—at the Milton Nurseries at a salary of $150 a month when Alyn has been used to $500 a month which he used to earn at work which he did not like. She thinks him selfish not to compensate her for her inability to have children, and is annoyed with his enthusiasm over a sport, or mutation, on an Apricot tree —one that blossoms earlier than the rest. She wishes John could meet

JUDITH WYATT, whom she has met by chance, a young woman of good breeding who is to become a mother. Humiliated by her friends, who know of her reduced financial status and her refusal to admit it, Alyn decides to get a divorce. However, when she goes to fill the appointment with

JUDGE OLDHAM, her lawyer, she overhears him denouncing a woman in her same set of circumstances. She hurries out of his office without waiting to see him, but abandons divorce plans and decides to get a job. In her fruitless search for work, she is surprised and shocked to learn that she has no specific training to equip her for the business world. She also learns that a person of pride cannot play upon friendships for favors, as she has insisted that John do. She is stung by John's remark that her family's innate gift is selling. Though she has been repelled by it, Alyn determines to get a job at selling, and seizes the opportunity to sell a hat to another customer in Charlotte Chapeaux, a hat shop where she has gone to purchase a hat.

"NOW I'm in for it," thought Alyn, for she was as much a stranger in this store as was the customer to whom she had sold the hat. But a sense of elation possessed her. Now what of Mr. Hendley's direct challenge to her ability!

She would certainly have to answer to this tall, too blond woman who had appeared suddenly and noiselessly from somewhere in the rear of the store. The woman must be Charlotte, of Charlotte-Chapeaux, and she was flashing a warning to Alyn to keep up the pretense until the sale was safely made.

Alyn took the money the girl proferred and handed it automatically to the woman. The transaction was soon completed, and the door closed upon the girl. The two women looked at each other and burst into laughter—Alyn not too heartily; too much had happened too quickly. Still it was an amusing situation, and it was also a great relief to Alyn to see the reaction of the woman to her highhandedness.

"If that wasn't something!" gasped the woman. "My other clerk has gone to lunch."

"Are you . . . ?"

"Charlotte. Lottie to you. I saw you come in, but my secretary became suddenly ill. I thought for a few minutes she was going to pass out altogether. I couldn't leave her. When I saw that girl come in I was fit to be tied, but I had to get Judy on the couch."

She sank to a chair, breathless with mirth over the turn of events, slapping her knee in a mannish gesture. "I've done the same thing myself—walked into a store and been taken

for a clerk." Alyn was amazed at herself, at this bizarre situation. She had actually made a sale when only yesterday she had been horrified by the mere thought of selling. Finally, she was laughing with and quite as heartily as this odd woman whose expensive clothing and careful make-up were so evidently a thin and confining veneer over a somewhat coarse nature; who slapped her knee with a too-wide hand.

Lottie wiped her eyes with a filmy handkerchief. "That was a pretty piece of work. I was scared to death you'd let her take that other number. She'd have looked like old Aunt Abigail and would never have come back; besides, that was a nine dollar hat. You don't want a job, do you?"

"As a matter of fact," said Alyn, "I do."

"I knew it," shouted Lottie, "I've never seen it fail. If you see a woman dressed like a million and with a manner like Mrs. Astorbilt herself, you can bet your bottom dollar she's a working girl. Not one in a thousand of those old 'money-bags' can tell a hat from a coal scuttle. I don't know where you learned, but you do know how to fit hats. Can you start in the morning?"

"Why, yes," said Alyn, somewhat dazed.

"Well, then, come back and meet my secretary; she keeps the books, too. She'll get a laugh out of this, and she needs one just as much as I did, poor kid."

"And I," thought Alyn. That laugh had released something taut within her.

"No, don't get up," Lottie said to the girl on the office lounge.

"I want you to meet our new clerk, Mrs. . . . "

"Fordyce," said Alyn, not believing her eyes. This girl on the couch was the one who had so impressed her as a woman of wealth and family background—Judith Wyatt. Judith Wyatt, who was going to have a baby; whose husband was dead; working in this stuffy inner office. No wonder she was ill!

ALYN went home that amazing afternoon full of mixed feelings. "A shopgirl! A common shopgirl!" she told herself. No, she wouldn't do it. It would be an easy matter in the morning to reach for the telephone and thank Lottie of Charlotte-Chapeaux, but tell her very kindly that she couldn't consider the position.

It would no doubt please John if she accepted it; it would be a fulfillment of the vague theories he was always propounding of late. It would probably be his interpretation of a "dominating interest" for her. Then, too, there was the extra money that it would bring in.

But John was not pleased. When she told him over the dessert of the afternoon's happenings, he looked at her in unmistakable consternation.

"Alyn dear! You mean to say you sold a hat by accident, and this Lottie gave you a job on the strength of it?"

Alyn felt herself coloring defensively. "Yes, why not? I had been looking for work for days and had given up hope. This fell as a gift in my lap."

"I didn't know you were looking for work, darling. You didn't tell me."

Alyn was exasperated. Why was

it that anger piled up in spite of her whenever she talked with John?

"No, I didn't think it necessary, John. But you surely aren't surprised after all you have said about my getting a 'dominating interest.'" How she despised that phrase!

"Yes, but sweet! That has nothing whatever to do with this. You selling? Every instinct you have is against it."

"I can't see that it is any more degrading than your. . . ." Alyn began and stopped. She wouldn't bicker. How did John know how she felt about selling? "Selling is the life of all business," she informed him frigidly.

"True," said John. "But that isn't the point. Regardless of the merit of any job or profession, and selling is honorable enough, the point is in you, not the job—your view of it, your approach to it, your happiness and interest in it. Don't you see, dear?"

"No, I don't," said Alyn flatly. She was not being difficult. She didn't see. Certainly one couldn't just walk into an establishment and say: "That person is doing the job I like to do, and I want it." One must take what one could get. It was likely just that John thought a woman's place was in the home. Besides, she *could* sell.

"I'm sorry you were so hasty in your action. I wish you had consulted me," John was saying. "I have had your problems on my mind more than you know. I thought I had the glimmer of a solution."

"Such as?" questioned Alyn icily.

"I believe that basically your need is exactly what it was in the beginning—the need of every normal woman for children."

But John was treading on dangerous ground. It was cruel of him to pry into this old wound, silly to even talk of anything so hopeless.

"I'd rather not discuss it," she said so sharply that John was silent and looked hurt. If he was, she didn't care. "I am going to work for Lottie in the morning," she said with finality.

AFTER that nothing could stop her. In the days that followed an absurd little nursery rhyme ran through her mind:

"There was an old woman as I've heard tell.
She went to the market, her eggs to sell.
She went to the market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.
There came by a peddler whose name was Stout.
He cut her petticoats all round-about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.
When the little woman first did awake
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
'Oh, dearie dearie me! This is none of I.
But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I have a little dog at home and he'll know me.
And if it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail.'
Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
'Oh, dearie dearie me, this is none of I.'"

Yes, the poor, foolish old woman was in no more of a quandary with her lost identity than was Alyn. Alyn Merriweather—clerking in a store! Clerkship was a far cry from the Merriweather idea of finance. What would her friends think? She hoped fervently that none of them would ever come in.

She had been employed at Charlotte-Chapeaux for a week and had come to know the other employees: the two sales-girls—Mrs. Pinkney and Ivy Walters—and Jim, the old janitor who took as a personal affront every odd scrap dropped carelessly on the heavy carpets of the store. The two nondescript women who made the hats in an unbeautiful back room remained anonymous to Alyn who hadn't much contact with them.

Judith Wyatt, looking up from her couch that first day, had remembered Alyn. Her drained face had lighted, and she had smiled with genuine welcome, if somewhat tremulously. She offered no excuse for her disability then, but a few days later she had said:

"I'm sorry that I was unable to be more on the welcoming committee the day you came, but I hope you have gathered that I'm glad you came to work here. You are one of my own kind. I was somewhat surprised, however, to see you here. I had pictured you in one of those huge houses—not . . . not a working person."

"It's odd," confided Alyn. "I followed you up the hill that day trying to place you. I still can't. Who is your family?"

Judith was quiet a moment. She sighed. "No one you know, I'm afraid. I was born on the wrong side of the tracks and brought to the age of fourteen on boiled potatoes and water gravy. I knew very little of my father. He often left us for weeks at a time. One day he went away and we thought he had just gone on another vacation from us, that he would come back as usual. Months later we learned that he had died in an accident and been buried in a potter's field for lack of identification. I think that finished Mother's pride. I believe that she had had more than the usual amount to begin with, but she suffered so much humiliation and neglect that she died inside long before she passed away of an illness that proper care could have cured.

Alyn was appalled. "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought . . . your voice, your manner. . . ."

"Acquired," said Judith. "I inherited one thing. My mother told me that intelligence, honor, and a kind heart were the building materials for almost anything; that her life was done, but mine was beginning, and that I had no one to rely on but myself. I added industry and put myself through school. It wasn't easy, but here I am. My success story," she finished whimsically. "I wouldn't talk to another soul as I am talking to you. You seem so much like the sister I've always wanted."

The story shocked Alyn. She could just see the serious-minded little Judith, ill-clothed, ill-fed, probably laughed at by other children, and her heart ached. They had come from far distant points, these two, but an intangible something had drawn them together. Alyn had the feeling that anything she might try to explain to Judith would be understandably received, that somewhere, sometime she had known Judith, that they were truly sisters. Her own generations of breeding and Judith's lack of them were swept away in the gentle force of this affinity.

IN the days that followed, Judith was invaluable to Alyn, not only as a friend, but as a source of education in her new business. Lottie was as hearty in her disapproval as in her praise. She had no inhibitions whatever, and gave vent to every emotion that swept her. The woman never ceased to amaze and amuse Alyn, who was both repelled and intrigued by the combined crudity and genius of her employer.

"Isn't she priceless," Judith would say, as Lottie would put on a grand manner and awe some timid soul into buying a hat. Then she and Alyn would exchange glances when Lottie would come back into the office and mimic with inanity the gestures and facial expressions of her victim, clapping a hat on the back of her head and staring at her image with vacuous admiration. She could turn the vitriol of her tongue upon one of the hapless employees as easily as she could let words of honeyed sweetness drip upon a lucrative customer, in the same breath directing some caustic observation at her retreating back. She could, too, in a fit of remorse, go out and buy some extravagant gift for the same hapless employee.

Now, it was Ivy Walters who had given a customer a dollar too much change: "My overhead would make the national budget look like small change; it costs a mint to stock a place like this. You can't buy broadloom carpets and plate-glass mirrors at the five and ten. People like the Meades and Haywoods who could stuff their pillows with greenbacks don't pay me from one year's end to another. And that isn't enough —my clerks pass out dollars as if they were dimes."

Even Judith didn't escape: "My hair'll get too white to take a bleach, the way that girl worries me. What use is it for the doctor to tell me she should get out of this office? I can't do a thing with her. I've talked until I sound like a phonograph. Why doesn't her doctor show her the score instead of blasting at me? Who am I to put myself against a will like that? Besides, I'm not her mother."

So far Alyn had miraculously escaped, and as miraculously held up her end of the sales. It was a point of pride with her to do so, and she used wiles she didn't know she had. She remembered and avoided doing the things that had always annoyed her when being fitted, and followed the lead of her first hat-selling experience in frankly telling a customer if a hat didn't suit her. She was rewarded soon, for a woman came in and asked for her: "I want Mrs. Fordyce, please. My friend bought a hat here the other day and, my dear! It's so comforting to know there is a clerk in town who won't sell you a garden straw and convince you its from Fifth Avenue."

Yet with all the diverting presence of Lottie, the real joy of knowing Judith, and the scores of interesting people that trickled in—lone shoppers, bosom friends who came in pairs, an occasional bride perching a hat on her head for the inspection of an adoring husband who could see only her eyes, and the tweedy groups of college girls who came in shining-eyed, chattering droves—yet there was something lacking in complete satisfaction. She hated admitting, even to herself, that John was right. Whatever work like this held for other people—Mrs. Pinkney who

looked forward to owning a shop of her own, Ivy walters who aspired to become a buyer—it had no future for Alyn Fordyce. It was, as John put it, simply another palliative, an excuse for not facing reality.

Alyn had her first week's check and was amazed that the long hours, the long days had yielded her only eighteen dollars, scarcely enough to buy a hat or a pair of shoes and cover the extra cost of a cleaning woman for the apartment. Looking up from it, she had encountered Lottie's eyes.

"I thought . . . " she began.

"I know," said Lottie. "You can't take in being paid eighteen right from the start, can you, kid? Some of these skin-flint joints pay not a cent over the law, sixteen a week, and some of them discount Sundays and get by with it. I've been a working girl all my life, and I know how it goes."

Alyn tucked the check in her purse and said no more, but it didn't seem fair. She went home at night so drained physically by the hours on her feet, so drained nervously from contact with people that she hardly saw her lovely apartment any more, much less enjoyed it. Lint collected around the rugs between visits of the cleaning woman, and meals were sketchy and unsatisfying.

Then, one day, like the proverbial rain, two of her friends came into the store on the same day—first, Cecile Borden, looking astonishingly chic and alive.

"Alyn Merriweather!" she exclaimed, giving Alyn a quick squeeze and reverting to Alyn's maiden name. "It's ages since I saw you. You're as slim as ever and not a day older," she said without envy. "How do you do it?"

"You should know. You look wonderful yourself. Such wonderful clothes! Jim must. . . . "

"Jim doesn't make a cent more than he did, Alyn," Cecile said frankly, "and he never will. But Jim is a good man, steady. I've learned to manage better than I did. It keeps us fighting to keep the children in school and decently kept, but we make the grade. . . . Thayne was valedictorian last year. All of their marks are good . . . and that's worthwhile fighting for. Our home life is wonderful."

"Don't you miss the parties — meeting important people?"

"We do meet important people —educators and the like. I'm the president of the P. T. A. At first I did miss the old crowd, and I don't want to hurt your feelings, Alyn, but I wouldn't be in the middle of that again for anything on earth. I don't envy you your continuous ride on that merry-go-round.

Alyn suddenly found herself envying Cecile—her pride in reality; her knowledge of purpose.

"Do you suppose the clerks will care if we help ourselves? I seldom buy my hats here—too expensive. I do come in for the style though, and then I usually find I must buy at cheaper places."

Mrs. Pinkney was closing a sale. Ivy Walters was discussing an alteration with a customer, and Alyn perceived that Cecile didn't realize she was a clerk. She could have passed it thus, but suddenly she didn't want to fly under false colors—not with Cecile.

"Cecile, I am a clerk. I work here."

"No!" said Cecile, "What happened?"

Alyn told her about John. "I can't keep up my end of the social bargain. I thought I'd like to work."

It was different when Bea McIntyre came in. Alyn, rearranging hats on their pedestals, looked up and saw her coming, and fled before Bea could see her. After Bea was gone, she came out of the cloakroom to find Lottie mottled with anger.

"Where were you when that customer was in?"

"Hiding," confessed Alyn. "I didn't want her to see me. She was a friend of mine."

"That doesn't make sense," said Lottie. "If you can't sell to your friends, who can you sell to? This isn't a social register. This is a business establishment. That makes two today, both sales muffed. Maybe a difference of $25 on the books doesn't matter!"

Alyn didn't deign to answer. She was hot and cold in turns. No one had ever, in all her life, spoken thus to her.

"I will not be talked to in such a fashion," she thought, "and by so common a person as Lottie." She longed to tell John about it, to have his comforting assurance that she was right. Suddenly she knew what she was going to do. She was going to quit this awful job.

(To be continued)

MOOD

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

The summer hours are done . . . the harvest passed.
High overhead wild geese are wending south.
The distant hills with haze are overcast,
And vapor veils the fields burned brown with drouth.

Somberly quiet is this autumn mood;
The muted music of the wind is spilled
With falling leaf upon the solitude
Of far-off places where the streams are stilled.

Notes FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Wherever the name does not readily indicate the geographical location of the stake or mission, the location of its headquarters as designated in parentheses.

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for April, 1940, page 275.

A CROSS SECTION OF LOCAL RELIEF SOCIETIES

TYPICAL of the hundreds of ward and branch Relief Societies throughout the stakes and missions of the Church, which will resume regular weekly meetings on the first Tuesday in October, are the local Relief Societies represented in "Notes from the Field" this month.

Santaquin-Tintic Stake
(Elberta, Utah)

THE accompanying picture shows the members of the Mammoth Ward Relief Society, who appeared in a special program commemorating the 99th anniversary of Relief Society, on March 17, 1941. A playlet entitled, "The Centennial Messenger," was a part of this program, and the decorated stake was for that particular event, according to Blanche H. Eager, Mammoth Ward secretary. Elizabeth Allman is president of the Mammoth Ward Relief Society, and Vera P. Patten is the stake president.

RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS WHO PARTICIPATED IN 99TH ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM, MAMMOTH WARD, SANTAQUIN-TINTIC STAKE

NEWLY-ORGANIZED CARSON CITY RELIEF SOCIETY (RENO STAKE)
Left to Right: Elder Jacob De Waal, Elsie Jepson, Luesybil Sheppard, Evelyn Jensen, Lela Ellertson, Lilieth Lee, Elizabeth Buttler, First Counselor, Elder D. Lyle Wynn, Edith Orr, President.

Reno Stake (Sparks, Nevada)

THE newly organized Relief Society of Carson City, Nevada, held its first meeting February 3, 1941, at the home of Edith Orr, president. The seven members who were present at this first meeting are shown in the accompanying picture, together with missionaries, Elders Jacob De Waal and D. Lyle Wynn.

FAIRVIEW SOUTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, FRANKLIN STAKE
Taken on the Annual Clarissa S. Williams' Mothers' and Daughters' Day, Held April 22, 1941, under Direction of the Ward President, Sarah Rigby.

Twin Falls Stake (Buhl, Idaho)

A Relief Society was organized at Castleford, Idaho, for the first time on March 2, 1941, with Irene B. Skeem as president. The first meeting was held March 4, with twelve members. One month later, the stake Relief Society president, Afton W. Hunt, reported to the General Board that the organization had been completed, that all classes were being conducted, that the membership roll had increased to fourteen members (four of whom are not members of the Church) with all dues paid, and that seven of the members had subscribed for *The Relief Society Magazine*. This new Society had also quilted three quilts for the Society and had a fourth well on the way to completion. Plans for special work by the Society during its second month, April, included sewing service on fifteen children's dresses and a sale of cooked food and handwork. This new Relief Society observed the 99th anniversary of Relief Society on March 17, with a party for all the members and their husbands.

NEW RELIEF SOCIETY AT CASTLEFORD, IDAHO, TWIN FALLS STAKE

Left to Right, beginning on back: Ida Neumann, Rachel Peterson, Bessie Lewis, Edna Hammond, Nancy Thompson, Viola Sumner, Second Counselor, Irene B. Skeem, President, Clara M. Reynolds, First Counselor, Fern Brown, Elsie Hammond, Chorister, Vera Rosencrantz, Secretary-Treasurer.

DUNSMUIR BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY (CALIFORNIA MISSION)
Branch Relief Society President, Maude I. Dayley, in front at foot of stairs.

NEW MEMBERS OF HENEFER WARD, SUMMIT STAKE
March 17, 1941. Blanche Cox is Ward President.

HERCULES WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, OF BACCHUS, UTAH
(OQUIRRH STAKE)
Alta Whitbeck is Ward President.

MEMBERSHIP ACTIVITIES

Box Elder Stake
(Brigham City, Utah)

AN account of Box Elder Stake's closing social, held Tuesday, June 3, 1941, was sent in by stake secretary-treasurer, Renie H. Littlewood, as follows:

"Box Elder Stake Relief Society held its closing social in the form of a membership party at the local high school auditorium. The social was presided over by President Grace V. Price, and was in direct charge of stake membership coordinator, Stella Y. Phillips, assisted by other board members. Between six and seven hundred women of the stake were present.

"The afternoon's program included a radio skit entitled, 'The Inquiring Reporter,' designed, through interviews with members and nonmembers of the Relief Society, to emphasize the multitude of advantages offered by our organization. A one-act play entitled, 'Relief Society —Why?' and several musical numbers by the Orpheus Chorus, com posed of a number of local youn women, many of whom are membe of the Relief Society, were presen ed.

"Refreshments carrying out th Relief Society colors were served i the school cafeteria under the dire tion of stake nutrition leader, Phy lis K. Owen, and a group of nutritio and work leaders from various ward in the stake. Serving tables wer artistically decorated with lace clot and appropriate flower arrang ments; souvenirs were napkins o blue and yellow organdy.

"During the refreshment hour, moving picture depicting the ev effects of the use of alcohol wa shown in the visual-education roo for those who wished to attend."

Portland Stake (Portland, Oregon

LYDIA W. FANNING, secretar treasurer of Portland Stake R lief Society, reports a successf membership party held March

941, in the Portland Stake Tabernacle, honoring the fifty-seven new members admitted to the Society during the past year.

A pageant, "My Home—The Key To a Life Beautiful," written and directed by Zilla Mattice and Carlie McNeil, was an impressive feature of the evening's program. The pageant indicated that the courses offered by Relief Society—theology and testimony, applied home arts, literature, social service and music aid the home, "the key to a life beautiful." Jeanette Batt was soloist and Zilla Mattice and Velda Ostlund were pageant readers.

Preceding the pageant, Clarice G. Sloan, president of the Portland Stake Relief Society, welcomed the new members in an impressive ceremony. Each new member was presented with an attractive booklet with a tiny key attached. On the cover of the book, in gold lettering, were the words, "My Home—The Key To a Life Beautiful." On the flyleaf of the booklet was a choice poem on the home by Marguerite J. Griffin. The book contained a copy of "The Perfect Earth Home" from the address, "Our Homes," by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., published in the *Relief Society Magazine*, December, 1940.

Membership awards were made by Marjorie Centro.

Following the pageant, refreshments were served in the beautiful lounge rooms of the Tabernacle to approximately 200 guests.

Teressa S. Johnson pronounced the benediction.

Accompanying this interesting report was an attractive membership card prepared by the Portland Third Ward.

Mount Ogden Stake (Ogden, Utah)

AN interesting account of membership activities in the Mount Ogden Stake is sent to us by Ella P. Farr, Relief Society stake president.

Anxious to increase the Relief Society membership, the stake officers suggested that each ward prepare a book containing a picture and a short biographical sketch of each Relief Society member, the book to be filed away as a history. The stake board prepared a similar book, containing photographs of the eight Relief Society general presidents, past and present Mount Ogden Stake Relief Society presidents and stake boards, and all ward presidents; short biographical sketches accompanied each photograph. Both ward and stake books were very attractive; the stake board book designed by stake officers was prepared by the Handicraft Shop.

To further stimulate membership, a painting of the mountain, Ben Lomond, by Mary Warnock, displayed at the Springville Art Exhibit, was donated to the Relief Society by Brother and Sister E. A. Larkin. Each month, this picture is to be awarded to the ward showing the highest percentage of membership increase for the month. In 1942, the picture will be permanently awarded to the ward showing the highest percentage of increase since 1937.

In presenting the picture to the stake, Sister Larkin said: "There is strength in numbers, and we appreciate the joy of associating together. In doing for others, we attain the fulfillment of our greatest desires. This law was given to us by the Savior, when He said: 'He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it.'

"In giving this picture to you, we trust that its influence will be 'thrice blessed'—may it bless Sister Warnock that she will paint again; may it bless the sisters who come into this organization through your present membership efforts; and may it bless and inspire all who view it."

Another stimulating membership activity of this stake was the anniversary service held in each ward on Sunday evening in connection with the Sacrament meeting. Sisters Donna D. Sorensen, Alice B. Castleton and Leona Fetzer Wintch, members of the Relief Society General Board, added much to the inspiring services in three of the wards.

Malad Stake (Malad, Idaho)

NELLIE S. GLEED, Malad Stake membership coordinator, sent the following interesting report of membership activities in Malad Stake: "Suggested by the Idaho Falls Stake candle-lighting program reported in January, 1941, "Notes from the Field," candle-lightir ceremonies were held in almost e ery ward in our stake this sprin These services, held in connectic with Sacrament meeting on a Su day evening, have been very effectiv in helping Malad Stake increase i Relief Society enrollment, by Jun 10, 1941, to 72 percent of Latter-da Saint women in the stake.

"We have several wards whic have attained almost 100 percen With the active support of Bisho Guy Servoss and Mrs. Amelia Spe cer, ward membership coordinato Malad Second Ward made th greatest increase in enrollment. W are hoping to reach a still high goal before December 31."

The accompanying pictures are new members of Malad Third Wa and Portage Ward Relief Societi taken following the candle-lightin ceremonies. Hanna S. Harris Malad Stake Relief Society pre dent.

NEW MEMBERS OF MALAD THIRD WARD, MALAD STAKE, AT CANDLE-LIGHTING CEREMONY, MARCH 16, 1941
Membership Arch is in Center

NEW MEMBERS OF PORTAGE WARD, MALAD STAKE, AT CANDLE-LIGHTING CEREMONY, MARCH 16, 1941
Membership Arch is in Center.

South Los Angeles Stake
(Huntington Park, California)

RUTH RYAN, first counselor to Hazel T. Neville, president of South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society, recently reported summer membership activities in this stake. The stake "Wheel" and "Key" posters shown in the accompanying photograph were displayed at a successful luncheon which was attended by ward presidents, counselors, and membership coordinators. Tables were arranged to form the letter "M." The luncheon stimulated new interest and ideas. It was reported that of 1271 Latter-day Saint families in this stake, 725 members had been enrolled in Relief Society up to that time.

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE "WHEEL" AND "KEY" POSTERS
The "Wheel" Turns, Putting the Ward with the Highest Percent of New Members at the Top. A Poster Contest was a Feature of Summer Membership Activity in this Stake.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology and Testimony

Articles of Faith, By James E. Talmage

Lesson 3

CHAPTER 3, TRANSGRESSION AND THE FALL

Article 2—"We believe than men will be punished for their own sin and not for Adam's transgression."

(Tuesday, December 2, 1941)

I. *Lesson Aim*

To teach that the fall of man was part of a God-ordained plan, and that each living soul is responsible for the exercise of his free agency.

II. *Divisions of the Subject Matter*

A. Man's responsibility for his freedom of choice. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 52-57)

B. The characteristics of sin, and its consequences. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 57-63. 473-474)

C. The exercise of free agency, and the fall of man. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 63-67, 68-70)

D. The nature and consequences of the fall. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 67-68, 475-476)

III. *Suggestions for Teachers*

This lesson might be introduced by relating a story of someone who was converted the Church because of t hope that the doctrine of fr agency gave.

The attention of the class lea ers is called to the expressio of joy given by Eve when sh with Adam, learned of the fect of the fall and the aton ment provided. Her words, found in *Pearl of Great Pri* Moses 5:11, might be plac on the blackboard and drawn to the attention of t class.

Topics for Special Reports

1. The fall was a process of phy degeneracy and not of immorality. (*Jesus the Christ*, pp. 29-31, and *Article Faith*, Appendix 3, Note 4, page 474.)

2. The blessings that result from m tality. (See *Vitality of Mormonism*, 236-242; *Pearl of Great Price*, Moses 5: 11.)

3. Scriptural teachings regarding t duration of punishment in the herea (See *Doctrine and Covenants* 19:4-12

Questions and Problems

1. What evidence can you present to dicate that the fall was not an accidental appening, but was foreknown to God?
2. Distinguish between the expressions Garden of Eden" and "Paradise." (See ook of Mormon, Alma 40:12, and Arcles of Faith, Appendix 3, Note 3, page 74.)
3. What were the consequences of the leath" suffered by Adam and Eve following their transgression?

References

Talmage, *Articles of Faith*, Chapter 3, pp. 52-73; 473-476.

Talmage, *Jesus the Christ*, pp. 18-20, 29-31.

Talmage, *Vitality of Mormonism*, pp. 236-242.

Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 58-63.

Discourses of Brigham Young, pp. 85, 86.

Book of Mormon, I Nephi 2; Alma 42; II Nephi 9.

Visiting Teachers' Messages To The Home

Lesson 3

Fast Day Observance as an Expression of Faith

(Tuesday, December 2, 1941)

N our Church one day in each month, usually the first Sunday, as been set aside as a day of fasting nd prayer. On that day each member who is able to do so is expected o give the ward bishop contributions equaling the value of the two meals not eaten. The fast offerings re used for the care of those in eed.

Fasting is an equitable law, because it is based on the ability to ive. Everyone eats, however little, nd it is not to his injury financially o give the cost of what he might otherwise have eaten. Those who bserve this law are compensated hysically and spiritually. The interesting thing about this fast-day ontribution is that no one is the poorer for the sum given, since he as saved the price of the two meals.

Elder Joseph L. Wirthlin, member of the Presiding Bishopric, in speaking of the fast-offering plan, said, "It is a physical sacrifice for the receiving of a spiritual blessing. It places the body under subjection to the will of the Lord, establishes closer relationship between man and the Holy Ghost, which assures a high degree of spirituality and blessings so much needed in the world today. . . . By far the greatest spiritual blessing derived from the observance of this plan is the gift of testimony."

There is a social advantage also in fasting. On fast day, one's attention is called to the unfortunate and the hungry, and thus he is put into a position where he can become "the good neighbor." Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." (Matthew 25:40)

Fasting appears a simple requirement, but by reason of obedience to

simple requirements, the Lord has wrought mighty benefits to his children.

Prayer should always accompany fasting. Fasting and prayer are a means of faith renewal; they bring peace to the soul. In this dispensation we are urged to fast, not with a sad countenance, but with a cheerful spirit.

President Joseph F. Smith has said, "The Lord has instituted this law. It is simple and perfect, based on reason and intelligence, and would not only prove a solution t the question of providing for th poor, but it would result in good t those who observed the law."

The practices that the Lord i stitutes among his people are i variably for their good.

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the purposes of the f day?
2. Who should observe fast day?
3. What blessings are to be obtain from obedience to this law?
4. Read Matthew 4:1-11; II Kings *Doctrine and Covenants* 88:76.

Work-and-Business

Better Buymanship

Lesson 3

Comparison of the Fibers Used in Materials

(Tuesday, December 9, 1941)

EACH fiber that is made into material has definite characteristics which make it valuable in some situations and not in others. The appearance may be altered in manufacturing, but each fiber has its own qualities, assets, and liabilities, so consumers should know what each is like, how it will perform, and which fiber is present in the material purchased.

Our most common material, due to its versatility and cleaning properties, is cotton, which is used alone and in combination with other fibers. We find it not only in the finest organdies and voiles, but in the heaviest of denim and canvas. We see it napped to resemble wool and mercerized to resemble silk. It may be spun and treated to resem linen.

Cotton lacks natural elasticity, it wrinkles easily, but it can be re ily cleaned. It is the only mate that can be safely boiled and iro with a hot iron. Weak alkalies a *cold dilute* bleaching agents are detrimental. Cotton absorbs much moisture as linen, but ha tendency to become fuzzy and leave a lint unless made of lo combed fibers. It will take dyes t are fast to washing and sunlight. coolness makes it valuable for s mer clothing.

LINEN, a vegetable fiber, is commonly used even thoug has some qualities which surpass

on. This is because the cost of linen material is high, due to the hand labor involved in the preparation of the fiber and the finishing process involved in the manufacture. This also makes the manufacture of linen cloth in the United States almost prohibitive. Linen wrinkles more readily than cotton, due to its lack of elasticity, but when cleaned and pressed it is very beautiful, especially in table damasks. Because the fiber is smooth, dirt and germs do not collect on it easily. Though easily laundered, it takes more care and is a bit more sensitive to bleaches than cotton. As our best conductor of heat, it makes the coolest of summer clothes. Because of its ability to quickly absorb and give off moisture and its freedom from lint, it is excellent for towels.

THE silk fiber is an animal fiber secreted by the silk worm. Again, the high cost of labor prevents our producing silk in this country, and so it is generally purchased from Japan, China, and Italy in the form of reeled silk (unwound from the cocoon). Silk is a poor conductor of heat and very elastic, which is the reason it is warm and doesn't wrinkle. It absorbs perspiration and oil from the skin, but sheds dirt easily. Perspiration and strong light as well as alkalies are harmful to silk. This makes it require special care both in wearing and laundering.

Because of its natural, deep luster, silk is luxurious in appearance, and if pure and unweighted, it will last for years. Overweighting and metallic salts will weaken the tensile strength, decrease elasticity, and encourage quick deterioration from sunlight and perspiration.

Spun silk has a lower tensile strength and lacks the elasticity of reeled silk. It has short fibers which, though tightly twisted, may work themselves loose and make a fuzzy, rough, uneven surface.

Silk feels warm and is smooth and pliable. Rayon feels cooler and heavier than silk in fabrics of comparable weave. Otherwise there is enough similarity to make recognition difficult.

THE wool fiber, because of its structure, is called the "warmth" fiber. Its outside surface is covered with tiny overlapping scales similar to fish scales. When wool is wet, the fibers swell and become entangled. Heat, moisture, and friction cause felting; hot water and rubbing cause shrinkage. The structure of the wool fiber makes it possible for wool to enmesh air and gives it its warmth properties. Napping of the material, as in flannel and blankets, also enmeshes air and makes the material warmer than tightly-spun and woven unnapped materials. Wool is the most elastic of all materials.

We have two main types of material made from wool—woolens and worsteds. Worsteds are made from long, corded and combed fibers, tightly twisted and usually unnapped so that the weave is easily distinguished. Woolens are made of shorter, uncombed fibers, less tightly twisted and usually napped. Worsteds are usually made from virgin wool. Reworked wool, or wool from material that has been pulled apart and respun, is often used in woolens. As a general rule, materials made from virgin wool give more satisfactory wear, hold their shape better, are warmer, and wear longer than those made from reworked wool. There is some disagreement as to

the value of reworked wool, though it is generally conceded that materials made from good reworked wool will outwear those made from poor virgin wool.

In October, 1940, President Roosevelt signed the bill which requires that wool products be labeled as to the percentage of the total fiber weight that is wool, the amount of virgin wool, the amount of reprocessed wool made from waste not used by consumers, the amount of re-used wool from materials that have been used, and each other fiber in excess of five percent of the total fiber weight of the product.

The label must also indicate the maximum percentage of any nonfibrous loading, filling, or adulterating material, and the name of the manufacturer of the wool product.

There has been much adulteration of wool, but the new wool-labeling act should prevent this. No other fiber has the same qualities wool. Therefore, when the pu chaser desires wool materials, he entitled to the protection which t wool-labeling act provides.

Suggested Activities

1. Perform tests on known materials s show how they react to the feel, burnin lye, and other tests. Test some unknow to see if fiber content can be determin Why is it difficult to test materials ma from more than one fiber? (See Bet *Buymanship Bulletin* No. 23, "Fabric pages 30-32; see footnote.)

2. There will always be some comm standard materials. Learn the names a characteristics by sight and feel. For wh purpose is each suitable?

3. Compare the qualities of the vari fibers. How do these qualities affect th use?

Note: Because of the lack of availa space in the *Magazine*, the General Bo has sent to each stake a list of referen in blue bulletin No. 15, suitable for in presenting this lesson. These re ences may be procured from stake wo and-business leaders.

Literature

Humor In Life And Literature

Lesson 3

Mediums and Types of Humor

(Tuesday, December 16, 1941)

"Humor is born where there is diversity and tolerance of diversity and differ points of view. This is why our American humor flourished most in the Middle W because they had to get along together. In all humor there is a moment of incongru Humor cannot bring Heaven to earth, but it can keep it from becoming a hell."

—*J. Duncan Speath*

Lesson Topics:

1. Review of last lesson
2. Continuation of words as a medium of humor—the pun and similar types
3. Incongruities of facts and ic as mediums of humor—the p ody; the burlesque

Review of Last Lesson

In the last lesson the interest

history of the word *humor* was given —changes in its meaning from the original Latin definition of *wetness* to its use as a medical term, then as a word meaning characteristics of personality and appearance, next to a term denoting a whim or eccentricity, and, finally, to its present meaning. Theories existing from ancient times as to the principles underlying humor were reviewed with brief illustrations of humor based on each. Words as a medium of humor were considered, with examples of humor growing out of bad spelling, poor grammar, and other misuses of words.

Continuation of Words as a Medium of Humor

The pun is now considered one of the least elevated forms of humor, but it is still popular with many writers and speakers and has at some periods been widely used even by the most eminent writers. A pun is a play on words of the same sound but different meanings, or on different applications of a word. Many puns are to be found in Shakespeare's plays, and are sometimes used in the most tragic moments, and the humor, if such it can be called, in these puns, is very grim. In *Richard II* he has poor John of Gaunt, who has become disillusioned and embittered, make a pun of his own name. The old gentleman, with political ambitions for his own son who later did become King Henry IV), has opposed King Richard II, his nephew. Ill from work and worry, he answers a summons from the king. Richard says, "How is it with aged Gaunt?" The old man plays upon his name in his reply: "Oh, how that name befits my composition! Old Gaunt indeed; and gaunt in being old—

"Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast,
What man abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched;
Watching breeds leanness; leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt I am for the grave. . . . "

It was not until the nineteenth century, however, that the pun really flourished in English literature. Carolyn Wells, in commenting upon this fact, says that recently a well-known humorist was making an after-dinner speech when someone called out, 'Louder and funnier!" She says that such a voice must have so called to the world's humor at the end of the eighteenth century, for with the nineteenth century the humorous element in literature was decidedly "louder and funnier." Reverend Sidney Smith, himself a great punner (He once said to his fellow ministers who were discussing the question of a *wooden* sidewalk around St. Paul's Cathedral, "Come, gentlemen, lay your heads together and the thing is done."), wrote interestingly upon the subject of humor—of punning. He claimed that it was a mistaken idea people had that wit and humor were unattainable. He pointed out that a pun should contain two distinct meanings, one obvious and the other remote. The surprise of the relation of the two meanings is what amuses. He, as others, however, regarded the wit of words as shown in puns to be very inferior to the wit of ideas. Still

he maintained that some puns redeemed their species. He liked the following one: Lamb, who was shy with strangers, was once introduced to some new people by a friend, who said, "Now will you promise, Lamb, not to be sheepish?" Lamb replied, "I *wool*."

College students are fond of puns as well as of other vagaries of the language. A typical college pun is the one about the boy with a job on the golf course: "Yes, you see he's 'putting' himself through college."

Even though the pun is in disrepute as a medium of humor, it sometimes has a much higher value than the mere ingenuity which amuses, for frequently, as has already been pointed out, it carries a further meaning than that on the surface and intensifies emotions other than that of merriment. This explains Shakespeare's use of puns at dramatic moments, as previously illustrated.

Incongruities of Facts and Ideas As Mediums of Humor

Words, obviously, are a necessary medium with any oral or written humor. However, the incongruities causing us to laugh are often in facts, ideas, characters, situations in life itself, and not in the words which portray the incongruities. The following story illustrates this point:

"An angry man burst into a repair shop and exclaimed: 'Didn't I ask you guys yesterday to send a man to my home to fix the front doorbell that's been out of order? And didn't you solemnly promise to send somebody out there right away?'

" 'But, Mr. Whiffenbush, we did send someone. I'm certain of it,' protested the manager. Then he called to a workman in the back of the shop: 'Hey, Cokey, didn't you go to Whiffenbush Lodge yesterday to attend to that job?'

" 'Yes, sir,' replied Cokey. 'I went ou there all right, and I rang the doorbell f about ten minutes. But nobody answere Guess there was nobody home.' "

The following quotation fro Christopher Morley also illustrat humor in the incongruous:

"I give humble and hearty thanks f the safe return of this book, which, havi endured the perils of my friend's bookca and the bookcases of my friend's frien now returns to me in reasonably good co dition.

"I give humble and hearty thanks th my friend did not see fit to give this bo to his infant as a plaything, nor use it t an ash tray for his burning cigar, nor as teething ring for his mastiff.

"When I lent this book, I deemed lost. I was resigned to the bitterness the long parting; I never thought to lo upon its pages again.

"But now that my book has come ba to me, I rejoice and am exceedingly gl Bring hither the fatted morocco, and us rebind the volume and set it on shelf of honour; for this book was le and is returned again. Presently, tho fore, I may return some of the books th I myself have borrowed."

Expressed through this mediu of incongruity of facts, ideas, tre ment, and so on, we have many ty of humor, including burlesque a parody. These are closely relat and are called "parasitic" literatu because they, especially parody, distortions of other pieces of lit ature and do not exist independ of them. The parody always tracts its humor from literature ready written.

Burlesque attempts to exc laughter by extravagant images by incongruous contrast, as whe trifling subject is treated with m gravity or vice versa. The ab quotation from Morley has this cl acteristic. Such phrases as "endu the perils," "resigned to the bit

ess of the long parting," "rejoice nd am exceedingly glad," "bring ither the fatted," give a profound liction to a rather trivial subject. ome of the phrases make it almost parody on the biblical story of the rodigal son. A burlesqued char- cter is a caricature, one distorted by xaggeration, producing a grotesque r a ridiculous effect. Just so, a urlesqued picture (many cartoons), gure, or description show great ex- ggeration of the peculiarities of the erson or thing depicted. Paul Bun- an, the mythical hero of the North Voods, of lumberjacks, is an ex- mple: "Paul Bunyan was no or- inary baby. No, sir. It took six nusually large storks, working over- me, to deliver Paul to his parents. nd what a job that was. Flying vo abreast, with Paul slung between hem, the storks had slow work of . Paul was so heavy two storks buldn't carry him very far. So with x storks working in three shifts, ff they flew toward Paul's future ome. Stops were frequent, and the orks changed off, and not much istance was gained between jumps. . . Well, they finally got there. . . . s for the storks, the poor fellows ot into the habit of shifting from ne foot to the other, trying to get he load off their feet . . . and their ffspring are still doing it." Later roblems concerning Paul are filled ith similar difficulty. As he grew der, for instance, haircutting was difficulty: "First, the folks tried o use a pair of sheepshears. Then a started using a scythe, but it was h all-day's job. The last real hair- t Paul had before he left home nd went to the North Woods, here he encountered his great ad- ntures, was when Pa Bunyan in- vited the neighbors to help out. Paul lay down with his head on the edge of a gully. The neighbors lined up in pairs to spell each other off, and with a good crosscut saw and working right through from morning until night, Paul really got a haircut."

A tendency to burlesque or caricature seems to be inherent in human nature. As has been suggested before, savages enjoy it, and it is found featured in the dances and other ceremonials of primitive peoples. Likewise it has been employed by great literary artists through the ages. Rabelais (Răb′-ŭ-lā), one of the greatest French writers of the sixteenth century, employed burlesque in his satires on humanity. He created Gargantua, the giant king, under whose tongue a whole army at one time took shelter from the rain, and in whose mouth and throat a city was built. Swift used burlesque in much the same manner and for the same purpose in *Gulliver's Travels*—his satire on human weaknesses. Dickens and Cervantes are other artists who introduced burlesque in their novels. Some of these writers will be considered in later lessons, along with other phases of our subject.

Parody is closely related to burlesque, as has already been indicated. Some burlesques are parodies, and they both depend upon grotesqueness for their humor. But parody is dependent also upon previously written literature. It treats a ridiculous subject in the exact style (especially in its mannerism) of some serious and usually well-known composition or writer. It mimics or mocks the language or sentiment of an author. Sometimes parodies,

though humorous, are lacking in taste. I recall one about the virtues of the Ford car written in the manner of the "Twenty-third Psalm." The students of the University of Chicago sing a parody on doxology. The Rockefeller brothers, William and John, richly endowed the university. Their money was made in the oil industry. Some lines from the parody are:

"Praise John from whom oil blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below.

. . .

Praise William some, but praise John most."

John Erskine has used this form of humor in his treatment of the great classics, *Adam and Eve*, *Sir Galahad*, and *Helen of Troy*. He makes revered classical characters laughable in their modern reactions to ancient situations as well as in their use of modern slang.

The *American Magazine* has recently been running a series of delightful parodies by Munro Leaf on literary classics. Writing parodies has perhaps always been a favorite sport of literary-minded college students, who do not always bear in mind this truth stated by Stephen Leacock: "Parody sometimes seems like the malicious smearing of paint over a beautiful picture."

Most parodies on poetry have no desire to satirize or criticise. They merely employ the original as a pattern for a dress of vastly different material or for an opposite use. It is therein that the humor lies. Sometimes the parody is not of a definite poem, but of a popular idea expressed by many writers. The following anonymous poem is a subtle parody on the human manner of rationalizing.

THE RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN

"Most strange!
Most queer—although most excellent
change!
Shades of the prison house, ye disappear
My fettered thoughts have won a wide
range,
And, like my legs, are free;
No longer huddled up so pitiably;
Free now to pry and probe and peep an
peer
And make these mysteries out.
Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doub
For now in doubt undoubtedly I am;
This problem's very heavy on my min
And I'm not one to either shirk or shar
I won't be blinded, and I won't be blin
Now let me see:
First, I would know how did I get in ther
Then, where was I of yore?
Besides, why didn't I get out before?
Dear me!
Here are three puzzles (out of plen
more)—
Enough to give me pip upon the bra
But let me think again!
How do I know I ever was inside?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason, and beneath my prin
To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry, miserable cell
As that old shell.
Of course I couldn't! How could I h
lain—
Body and beak and feathers, legs, a
wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings
In there?
I meet the notion with profound disd
It's quite incredible, since I declare
(And I'm a chicken that you can't
ceive),
What I can't understand I won't beli

Where did I come from then? Ah, wh
indeed?
This is a riddle monstrous hard to r
I have it! Why, of course,
All things are moulded by some pl
force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in sp
Fortuitously concurrent anyhow.
There now!
That's plain as is the beak upon my
What's that I hear?
My mother cackling at me—just her
So prejudiced and ignorant, I say,

far behind the wisdom of the day.
What's old I can't revere.
k at her: 'You're a silly chick, my dear;
That's quite as plain, alack,
is the piece of shell upon your back!'
w bigoted! Upon my back, indeed!
don't believe it is there,
I can't see it; and I do declare,
or all her fond deceivin',
at I can't see, I never will believe in!"

The parody in its serious function, usually employed by the great ters, is a protest against oversententality or the overreputation the original. Someone has called the discord that follows and corts the note too often struck. It urished in England during the ctorian period when there was a dency toward too much "sob-sis-" literature.

Most of the poets and prose writ- of this period have been parodied her in their own or our time. inburne made a clever parody on nnyson's "The Higher Pantheı" as well as on some of his own ems. Tennyson's philosophical em begins:

ne sun, the moon, the stars, the eas, the hills and the plaines—
re not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?
not the Vision He? Tho' He be not that which he seems?"

Swinburne calls his parody "The gher Pantheism in a Nutshell," d begins:

ne who is not, see we; but one, whom we see not, is.
rely this is not that; but that is assuredly this.
That and wherefore and whence? For under is over and under.
thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be without thunder."

One of the most delightful parodies in English literature is "The Rape of the Lock," by Pope. He gives the subtitle, "An Heroi-comical Poem," because it is a parody of the heroic epic. It is often called a mock epic. Pope treats a trivial matter with the manner of Homer when he told the story of the fall of Troy. The story is of the theft of a lock of hair. The humorous coupling of the trivial with the profound, and the solemn diction used in relating trivial incidents may be seen from a few quotations. Lord Petre is about to cut the beautiful curl which hangs over Belinda's fair neck:

"The peer now spreads the glittering forfex (scissors) wide,
To inclose the lock; now joins it to divide."

Belinda discovers the loss of her favorite curl:

"Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies;
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last. . . . "

Note the coupling of *husbands* and *lapdogs* as if they were of equal importance.

Later, when the members of the picnicking party who witnessed the atrocity divide for battle, part of them uphold the Baron in his theft of the curl from the head of his beloved. Part of the company think that the lady is justified in her anger. The conflict is treated as if it were a great battle over some momentous problem. Little encounters between the individuals of the two "armies" are described:

"While bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarrissa down,
Chloe stepped in and killed him with a frown;
Sue smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But at her smile the beau revived again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs men's wits against the lady's hair.

. . .

"See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies
With more than usual lightning in her eyes.

. . .

"This bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and one thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw.

. . .

"Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows;
And the huge dome re-echoes to his nose."

Though poetry seems to lend itself most readily to parody, novels and dramas and other types of literature have been the basis of some amusing humorous writing of this class. In her *Outline of Humor*, Carolyn Wells gives many examples of parody. One of the most delightful sets of illustrations, she says, grew out of a game played by a group of authors. The poets decided to discuss the merits of the "classic" poem, "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater." They stated that the style of the poem was "a little bare," so they took upon themselves the task of embellishing it. Many of the versions are very humorous, particularly those which transpose the jingle to the style of some well-known earlier poet, which gives rise to a sort of double parody. Carolyn Wells wrote her version as a parody on one Mrs. Browning's loveliest sonne (See *Outline of Humor*, by Caro Wells, p. 754.)

It is quite evident, then, t parody is a source of amusement literature. It affords one of the m popular types of humorous readi Also, as Stephen Leacock has so w stated, this type has other valu too. "Parody," he says, "as a ty has use as a corrective to overst ment, as humor to relieve pain, console against the shortcoming life itself."

Problems and Projects

1. Why is the pun considered a l form of humor than parody or burles Illustrate.

2. Give a review of Pope's "The R of the Lock," telling how it came t written, discussing its literary values sides its humor, such as its revelatio the customs and ideals of the time quotable passages, et cetera.

3. Read parodies of well-known p not given in the lesson.

4. Relate incidents to show how parents or teachers have used or migh parodies or burlesques to point ou correct faults in the children under care.

5. Give a character sketch of the lesque type of some humorous lit character, such as Paul Bunyan or gantua.

Supplementary Readings

Leacock, *Greatest Pages of Am Humor.*

Sketches and Humor (in library fo young).

E. V. Lucas, and C. L. Graves, *H History.*

Robert Benchley, *Of All Things.*

Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Celestial Ra*

James Stevens, *Paul Bunyan*, C City Publishing Company, New 1925-40.

Social Science

Foundations Of Successful Marriage

(Tuesday, December 23, 1941)

NO lesson is provided for this date due to the holiday season. (See "Notes to the Field," page 612.)

Mission Lessons

Latter-day Saint Hymns

(For optional use of missions in lieu of Literature)

Lesson 3

(Tuesday, December 16, 1941)

THE SPIRIT OF GOD LIKE A FIRE

The Spirit of God like a fire is burning!
The latter-day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning,
And angels are coming to visit the earth.

CHORUS

We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven,
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!
Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever; amen, and amen!

The Lord is extending the Saints' understanding,
Restoring their judges and all as at first.
The knowledge and power of God are expanding,
The veil o'er the earth is beginning to burst.

We'll call in our solemn assemblies in spirit,
To spread forth the kingdom of heaven abroad.
That we through our faith may begin to inherit
The visions and blessings and glories of God.

How blessed the day when the lamb and the lion
Shall lie down together without any ire,
And Ephraim be crowned with his blessing in Zion,
As Jesus descends with His chariot of fire!

—*William W. Phelps*

AFTER the idea of God and our relation to him, comes the idea that the Holy Ghost may be given us to guide and comfort and enlighten us in this "vale of tears." First, we believe in God, in Christ as our Savior, and in the "plan of life and salvation"; second, we repent of all our sins, with a determination to refrain from further sin to

the full extent of our ability; third, we are baptized by immersion for the remission of sins. Then we are ready for someone holding the proper authority to lay hands on our head to impart to us the "gift of the Holy Ghost."

WILLIAM Wines Phelps, like the two poets we have already considered, was of old American stock. Born in New Jersey, on February 17, 1792, he went in his youth to what was then the western part of New York. He seems to have had a good education, though how or where he received it, we do not know.

In western New York he was favored by fortune. When we first learn of him there, he was the owner and editor of a partisan newspaper, which also did job printing. We do not know to which political party William Phelps belonged, but we do know that he was regarded highly enough by his party as to be seriously considered for the office of lieutenant governor of the state. It was here that he first heard of Mormonism, although he did not embrace it till after the Saints had gone to Kirtland, Ohio.

In December, 1830, he and Sidney Rigdon had a ten-hours' conversation about the new Church. Elder Rigdon was then on a visit to Palmyra, to see and talk with the Prophet. In this interview Sidney Rigdon told William Phelps, "I know that this religion is true by the power of the Holy Ghost." William Phelps later visited the Hill Cumorah, talked with the Prophet, and examined all the evidences of the divinity of the Prophet's mission. On the removal of Joseph Smith to Ohio, Mr. Phelps hastened after him and was baptized.

The chorus of this hymn is a ki of shout and song. It comes as expression of feeling and gratitu

One of the revelations in the *D trine and Covenants* was given Elder Phelps through the Proph It is Section 55. In it he was t that he was "chosen" as well "called." This was given before was baptized. He was promised t "on whomsoever" he should lay hands, if they were contrite, should "have the power to give Holy Ghost." Later he was sen Missouri, to set up and to edit *Evening and Morning Star*, the Church periodical. Later still both Missouri and Illinois, he ser as the Prophet's secretary. He in Salt Lake City in 1872, greatly honored, after an active devoted life.

It is as a poet, however, that are here concerned with Wil W. Phelps. His poetry consist short poems, many of which been set to music. Among t whose compositions are include our Latter-day Saint hymn William W. Phelps comes se in number of contributions, being exactly thirty of his co sitions published in that vol Some of his hymns are am the best in the language, and a them are in the spirit of the Dispensation.

"The Spirit of God Like a I was composed in time to be cluded in Emma Smith's colle of hymns, a task to which she been assigned by revelation. *Doctrine and Covenants*, Se 25.) In this collection, publ in 1835, there were twenty-s William Phelps' composition compared with five by Parle Pratt and two by Eliza R. S

The book came out about a year before the dedication of the Kirtland Temple. Upon that occasion, the hymn we are now considering was sung impressively.

The Kirtland Temple, the first of its kind in this dispensation, was a notable building in more than one respect. The Saints were comparatively few in number, and there was much opposition to them in and around Kirtland. But they persevered until on March 27, 1836, the Temple was dedicated. The building cost about $75,000—a large sum for that time. A special revelation (*Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 109) contains the prayer that was offered in dedication on that occasion.

IN the first stanza of "The Spirit of God Like a Fire," we have again an expression of the Restoration. "Latter-day glory," "visions and blessings" like those of the olden time, "angels visiting the earth"—these are marks of the new Church. The phrase "like a fire is burning" recalls the burning bush of Moses (Exodus, Chapter 3), and the statement of the Prophet Joseph Smith that God "dwells in everlasting burnings." Always, so far as we know, heavenly beings appear to men in great light. This was the case when the Prophet saw the Father and the Son in the woods on his father's farm and when the Angel Moroni came to him in that attic room in the Smith home three and one-half years later. "Above the brightness of the sun" and "lighter than at noonday" are the phrases the Prophet uses to describe his light.

The chorus of this hymn is a kind of shout and song. It comes as an expression of feeling and gratitude that the former blessings have been revived: "Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!" "Let glory to them in the highest be given. . . . Henceforth and forever . . . ! "

As a result of the visions and glory, the second stanza tells us, the understanding of those who have accepted the new movement in religion is "extending." Moreover, the knowledge of God and his power are "expanding" accordingly, and the "veil" of darkness "is beginning to burst." Note the phrase, "is beginning." The full flood of light has not yet come.

Having received these great blessings and this knowledge, it is our duty now, we are informed in the third stanza, to "spread forth the kingdom of heaven abroad." This will be one means by which we may "inherit, through faith," the promises which the Lord has made to the faithful. For all mankind must be both warned and taught—warned of the "judgments" to come if they do not work righteousness, and taught the way to "inherit" the celestial world. As a matter of fact, upon the Latter-day Saints has been placed the same responsibility that the former-day Saints had of preaching the Gospel to "every creature."

From the Restoration ideas, visions, and glories, the hymn goes, in the last stanza, to the millennial reign of Christ, when "the lamb and the lion shall lie down together without any ire." We are assured in the revelations given to our Prophet that when the proper time comes Christ "will reveal himself from heaven with power and great glory, with all the hosts thereof, and dwell in righteousness with men on earth a thousand years, and the wicked shall not stand." (See *Doc-*

trine and Covenants, Section 29, verse 11.)

Theologically, then, this hymn tells us that a certain set of old things have been restored, as a result of which we know more than we did, and that it is incumbent upon us to proclaim these truths to the world, preparatory to the millennial reign of Christ.

While these ideas are clearly given, at the same time the poem is full of feeling — gratitude, praise, zeal, and yearning. It is, on the whole, a stirring hymn, and when sung by a large choir or a congregation of believers it is very moving.

At the organization of the Relief Society, March 17, 1842, "the meeting was opened by singing 'The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning.'"

Questions

1. Select the lines in this hymn that y like best and memorize them. Can y memorize the entire hymn?

2. Give some details of the life of W liam W. Phelps. What kind of man you think he was? Are there any tra of his character that stand out either the brief sketch of him given in this less or in this poem? If so, what are the

3. What visions do you think the po had in mind in the first stanza? Tell th in detail. (Some more visions were receiv in the Kirtland Temple. See *Doctr and Covenants*, Section 110.)

4. How was it that the understand of the Saints was "extended"? "expande What, for instance, do we know ab God that we did not know before? (Stu the "First Vision.")

5. What "blessings" were enjoyed the Saints of old that are also enjoyed our Church?

Home Accident Prevention

(*Continued from page 595*)

X. Lightning Precautions
All buildings should be protected with lightning rods properly grounded and installed. Ground fence wires.

XI. Spontaneous Combustion
Have a covered metal can for the storage of oil rags, mops and polishing cloths.
Burn paint and turpentine rags.

XII. Inflammable Fluid for Fuel; Dry Cleaning
Never use or uncover gasoline in a room with an open fire or flame.
Never use gasoline or kerosene start or quicken a fire.
Filling a gasoline or kerosene s while flame is lighted is positi dangerous.
Never use gasoline for dry clean

XIII. Protection from Scalds and B Caused by Hot Water and Hot
Topstove utensils should have b flat bases; handles should be tu inward to prevent utensils being turned or reached by children. careful of the hot fat in dee frying.

A Garden Masquerade

(*Continued from page 619*)

we could raise enough money to hire Mr. Fulton to do the remodeling and painting that our civic center will require?"

Emily was speechless with happiness at having her dream come t She could only nod her assent.

"Another thing, Emily," and I Gates actually said it a bit wistf "won't you just call me Sarah?

Temple and Burial Clothing

Temple Clothing For Men and Women
Burial Clothing for Men, Women and Children

FINEST MATERIALS
EXPERT WORKMANSHIP
QUICK SERVICE
REASONABLE PRICES

EXPRESS AND POSTAL CHARGES PREPAID

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

20 Bishop's Building Salt Lake City

MORMON HANDICRAFT

Gift Shop . . .

21 West South Temple Street Salt Lake City, Utah

Rare Hand-Made Gifts

Quality Only Hands Can Produce

GENUINE WATER-COLOR PICTURES—APRONS THAT ARE DIFFERENT —HAND-HAMMERED COPPER—UNIQUE PIONEER DOLLS—HAND-KNIT SWEATERS—BEAUTIFUL QUILTS—RUGS, AND MANY OTHER LOVELY GIFTS

Sponsored by

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

MRS CHRISTEN JENSEN
X X X 842 NO 1ST EAST
PROVO UTAH
121-4 DEC

SERVE Fisher's BIG DUTCH LOAF

FOR

GREATER

Hot Weather Mealtime

Enjoyment

Have you tried Fisher's Delicious Mayflower Donuts yet?

Today we walk by faith

Tomorrow we walk by knowledge

+

LARKIN MORTUARIES

Ogden, Utah
466 24th St.
Dial 7523

Los Angeles, California
6003 Compton Avenue
Jefferson 1244

Salt Lake City, Utah
260 East South Temple
Dial 4-9126